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MEMORY.

I.

ALL down the river's stretch I float,
While song-birds carol in the air;
Sweet ripples swirl about my boat,
And all the wakening world is fair.

The world is fair: I should be glad
When Nature showers her gifts on me,
Ah me! my portion is the sad
Sweet bitterness of memory;

And all my world is in one face,
One face upon the distant shore,
That looks and longs for me, whose place
Is with the live who live no more.

For surely this is death in life,
To know that I can never move
The fates, and that no toil or strife
Can ever win me her I love.

I hear the loud cicalas sing
Upon the river's grassy slope,
And still their ceaseless chirrups ring
Two weary words, "No hope — no hope."

O fond white arms that loved to play
About my neck and soothe my pain,
Will there be nevermore a day
For me to know your touch again?

O soft low voice that loved to tell
Sweet tales to my enraptured ears!
O voice that answered mine so well,
In laughter and in loving tears!

O love, my lost, my only love,
Who make the barren years so slow,
I see you in the skies above,
And in the whirling stream below,

Where all the ripples sound and swell
With all the words you spoke to me,
Till life once more runs smooth and well,
While I am fooled by memory.

Come back, O love, to speak one word,
One little word before I die,
One of the many I have heard
And always hear in memory.

It cannot be. The visions wane
And pale before reality;
The world is cold and bare again —
There is no joy in memory.

Yet could I only this believe,
That some day in the heaven they dream
We two should meet, I'd cease to grieve,
The heavy time would lightened seem.

Nought see I but this wretched world,
A shore whereon the fierce wind drives
Weird wrecks upon the shingle hurled,
The jetsam of divided lives.

What hard and weary punishment
The awful fates contrive for men:
They will not let me give, content,
All days of now for one of them!

Ah no! Where'er I pass my years,
That darken on the deathward slope,
Those words will echo in mine ears,
Those weary words, "No hope — no hope!"

II.

STILL cradled on the waters clear
The mirror of the dropping sun,
I slowly float, and strangely dear
Appear the days that now are done.

The sunset breezes lightly kiss
The treetops with their last low breath;
And there is happiness in this,
The happiness that comes with death.

They tower in the waning light
Those shadowy trees that stud the dell,
And through the softly opening night
Peals far away the evening bell.

The birds have hushed their noise above,
All through the day they sang their best;
They interchange last notes of love,
And sink with all the world to rest.

A strange and sweetly solemn mirth
Is waiting on the dying day;
Peace holds secure upon the earth
And in my weary heart her sway;

As like a worn-out child I lie,
To slumber rocked on Nature's breast,
And the night-wind comes sighing by
With faintly whispered words of rest.
Temple Bar. W. H. POLLOCK.

THE CLOSING YEAR.

FASTER than petals fall on windy days
From ruined roses,
Hope after hope falls fluttering, and decays,
Ere the year closes.

For little hopes, that open but to die,
And little pleasures,
Divide the long, sad year, that labors by,
Into short measures.

Yea, let them go! our day-lived hopes are not
The life we cherish;
Love lives, till disappointments are forgot,
And sorrows perish.

On withered boughs, where still the old leaf
clings,
New leaves come never;
And in the heart, where hope hangs faded,
springs
No new endeavor.
Spectator. F. W. B.

From The Contemporary Review.

THE GREATNESS OF ENGLAND.*

Two large islands lie close to that continent which has hitherto been selected by nature as the chief seat of civilization. One island is much larger than the other, and the larger island lies between the smaller and the continent. The larger island is so placed as to receive primeval immigration from three quarters—from France, from the coast of northern Germany and the Low Countries, and from Scandinavia, the transit being rendered somewhat easier in the last case by the prevailing winds and by the little islands which Scotland throws out, as resting-places and guides for the primeval navigator, into the northern sea. The smaller island, on the other hand, can hardly receive immigration except through the larger, though its southern ports look out, somewhat ominously in the eye of history, towards Spain. The western and northern parts of the larger island are mountainous, and it is divided into two very unequal parts by the Cheviot Hills and the mosses of the Border. In the larger island are extensive districts well suited for grain; the climate of most of the smaller island is too wet for grain and good only for pasture. The larger island is full of minerals and coal, of which the smaller island is almost destitute. These are the most salient features of the scene of English history, and, with a temperate climate, the chief physical determinants of English destiny.

What, politically speaking, are the special attributes of an island? In the first place, it is likely to be settled by a bold and enterprising race. Migration by land under the pressure of hunger or of a stronger tribe, or from the mere habit of wandering, calls for no special effort of courage or intelligence on the part of the nomad. Migration by sea does: to go forth on a strange element at all, courage

is required; but we can hardly realize the amount of courage required to go voluntarily out of sight of land. The first attempts at ship-building also imply superior intelligence, or an effort by which the intelligence will be raised. Of the two great races which make up the English nation, the Celtic had only to pass a channel which you can see across, which perhaps in the time of the earliest migration did not exist. But the Teutons, who are the dominant race and have supplied the basis of the English character and institutions had to pass a wider sea. From Scandinavia especially, England received, under the form of freebooters who afterwards became conquerors and settlers, the very core and sinews of her maritime population, the progenitors of the Blakes and Nelsons. The Northman, like the Phœnician, had a country too narrow for him, and timber for shipbuilding at hand. But the land of the Phœnician was a lovely land, which bound him to itself; and wherever he roved his heart still turned to the pleasant abodes of Lebanon and the sunlit quays of Tyre. Thus he became a merchant, and the father of all who have made the estranging sea a highway and a bond between nations, more than atoning, by the service thus rendered to humanity, for his craft, his treachery, his cruelty, and his Moloch-worship. The land of the Scandinavian was not a lovely land, though it was a land suited to form strong arms, strong hearts, chaste natures, and, with purity, strength of domestic affection. He was glad to exchange it for a sunnier dwelling-place, and thus instead of becoming a merchant, he became the founder of Norman dynasties in Italy, France, and England. We are tempted to linger over the story of these primeval mariners, for nothing equals it in romance. In our days science has gone before the most adventurous barque, limiting the possibilities of discovery, disenchanting the enchanted seas, and depriving us forever of Sindbad and Ulysses. But the Phœnician and the Northman put forth into a really unknown world. The Northman, moreover, was so far as we know the first ocean sailor. If the story of the circumnavigation of Africa by the Phœnicians is true, it was

* The writer some time ago gave a lecture before the Royal Institution on "The Influence of Geographical Circumstances on Political Character," using Rome and England as illustrations. It may perhaps be right to say that the present paper, which touches here and there on matters of political opinion, is not identical with the latter portion of that lecture.

an astonishing enterprise, and almost dwarfs modern voyages of discovery. Still it would be a coasting voyage, and the Phœnician seems generally to have hugged the land. But the Northman put freely out into the wide Atlantic, and even crossed it before Columbus, if we may believe a legend made specially dear to the Americans by the craving of a new country for antiquities. It has been truly said, that the feeling of the Greek, mariner as he was, towards the sea, remained rather one of fear and aversion, intensified perhaps by the treacherous character of the squally *Ægean*; but the Northman evidently felt perfectly at home on the ocean, and rode joyously, like a seabird, on the vast Atlantic waves.

Not only is a race which comes by sea likely to be peculiarly vigorous, self-reliant, and inclined, when settled, to political liberty, but the very process of maritime migration can scarcely fail to intensify the spirit of freedom and independence. Timon or Genghis Khan, sweeping on from land to land with the vast human herd under his sway, becomes more despotic as the herd grows larger by accretion, and the area of its conquests is increased. But a maritime migration is a number of little joint-stock enterprises implying limited leadership, common counsels, and a good deal of equality among the adventurers. We see in fact that the Saxon immigration resulted in the foundation of a number of small communities which, though they were afterwards fused into seven or eight petty kingdoms and ultimately into one large kingdom, must, while they existed, have fostered habits of local independence and self-government. Maritime migration would also facilitate the transition from the tribe to the nation, because the ships could hardly be manned on purely tribal principles: the early Saxon communities in England appear in fact to have been semi-tribal, the local bond predominating over the tribal, though a name with a tribal termination is retained. Room would scarcely be found in the ships for a full proportion of women; the want would be supplied by taking the women of the conquered country; and thus tribal rules of exclusive intermarriage, and all barriers

connected with them, would be broken down.

Another obvious attribute of an island is freedom from invasion. The success of the Saxon invaders may be ascribed to the absence of strong resistance. The policy of Roman conquest, by disarming the natives, had destroyed their military character, as the policy of British conquest has done in India, where races which once fought hard against the invader under their native princes, such as the people of Mysore, are now wholly unwarlike. Anything like national unity, or power of co-operation against a foreign enemy, had at the same time been extirpated by a government which divided that it might command. The Northman in his turn owed his success partly to the want of unity among the Saxon principalities, partly and principally to the command of the sea which the Saxon usually abandoned to him, and which enabled him to choose his own point of attack, and to baffle the movements of the defenders. When Alfred built a fleet, the case was changed. William of Normandy would scarcely have succeeded, great as his armament was, had it not been for the diversion effected in his favor by the landing of the Scandinavian pretender in the North, and the failure of provisions in Harold's Channel fleet, which compelled the fleet to put into port. Louis of France was called in as a deliverer by the barons who were in arms against the tyranny of John; and it is not necessary to discuss the Tory description of the coming of William of Orange as a conquest of England by the Dutch. Bonaparte threatened invasion, but unhappily was unable to invade: unhappily we say, because if he had landed in England he would assuredly have there met his doom; the Russian campaign would have been antedated with a more complete result, and all the after-pages in the history of the arch-brigand would have been torn from the book of fate. England is indebted for her political liberties in great measure to the Teutonic character, but she is also in no small measure indebted to this immunity from invasion which has brought with it a comparative immunity from standing armies. In the Middle Ages the question

between absolutism and that baronial liberty which was the germ and precursor of the popular liberty of after-times turned in great measure upon the relative strength of the national militia and of the bands of mercenaries kept in pay by overreaching kings. The bands of mercenaries brought over by John proved too strong for the patriot barons, and would have annulled the Great Charter, had not national liberty found a timely and powerful, though sinister auxiliary in the ambition of the French prince. Charles I. had no standing army: the troops taken into pay for the wars with Spain and France had been disbanded before the outbreak of the Revolution; and on that occasion the nation was able to overthrow the tyranny without looking abroad for assistance. But Charles II. had learned wisdom from his father's fate; he kept up a small standing army; and the Whigs, though at the crisis of the Exclusion Bill they laid their hands upon their swords, never ventured to draw them, but allowed themselves to be proscribed, their adherents to be ejected from the corporations, and their leaders to be brought to the scaffold. Resistance was in the same way rendered hopeless by the standing army of James II., and the patriots were compelled to stretch their hands for aid to William of Orange. Even so, it might have gone hard with them if James's soldiers, and above all Churchill, had been true to their paymaster. Navies are not political; they do not overthrow constitutions; and in the time of Charles I. it appears that the leading seamen were Protestant, and inclined to the side of the Parliament. Perhaps Protestantism had been rendered fashionable in the navy by the naval wars with Spain.

A third consequence of insular position, especially in early times, is isolation. An extreme case of isolation is presented by Egypt, which is in fact a great island in the desert. The extraordinary fertility of the valley of the Nile produced an early development, which was afterwards arrested by its isolation; the isolation being probably intensified by the jealous exclusiveness of a powerful priesthood which discouraged maritime pursuits. The isolation of England, though comparatively

slight, has still been an important factor in her history. She underwent less than the Continental provinces the influence of Roman conquest. Scotland and Ireland escaped it altogether, for the tide of invasion, having flowed to the foot of the Grampians, soon ebbed to the line between the Solway and Tyne. Britain has no monuments of Roman power and civilization like those which have been left in Gaul and Spain, and of British Christianity of the Roman period hardly a trace, monumental or historical, remains. By the Saxon conquest England was entirely severed for a time from the European system. The missionary of ecclesiastical Rome recovered what the legionary had lost. Of the main elements of English character political and general, five were brought together when Ethelbert and Augustine met on the coast of Kent. The king represented Teutonism; the missionary represented Judaism, Christianity, imperial and ecclesiastical Rome. We mention Judaism as a separate element, because, among other things, the image of the Hebrew monarchy has certainly entered largely into the political conceptions of Englishmen, perhaps at least as largely as the image of imperial Rome. A sixth element, classical republicanism, came in with the Reformation, while the political and social influence of science is only just beginning to be felt. Still, after the conversion of England by Augustine, the Church, which was the main organ of civilization, and almost identical with it in the early Middle Ages, remained national; and to make it thoroughly Roman and Papal, in other words to assimilate it completely to the Church of the Continent, was the object of Hildebrand in promoting the enterprise of William. Roman and Papal the English Church was made, yet not so thoroughly so as completely to destroy its insular and Teutonic character. The Archbishop of Canterbury was still *papa alterius orbis*; and the struggle for national independence of the papacy commenced in England long before the struggle for doctrinal reform. The Reformation broke up the confederated Christendom of the Middle Ages, and England was then thrown back into an isolation very marked, though tempered

by her sympathy with the Protestant party on the Continent. In later times the growth of European interests, of commerce, of international law, of international intercourse, of the community of intellect and science, has been gradually building again, on a sounder foundation than that of the Latin Church, the federation of Europe, or rather the federation of mankind. The political sympathy of England with Continental nations, especially with France, has been increasing of late in a very marked manner; the French Revolution of 1830 told at once upon the fortunes of English Reform, and the victory of the Republic over the reactionary attempt of May was profoundly felt by both parties in England. Placed too close to the Continent not to be essentially a part of the European system, England has yet been a peculiar and semi-independent part of it. In European progress she has often acted as a balancing and moderating power. She has been the asylum of vanquished ideas and parties. In the seventeenth century, when absolutism and the Catholic reaction prevailed on the Continent, she was the chief refuge of Protestantism and political liberty. When the French Revolution swept Europe, she threw herself into the anti-revolutionary scale. The tricolor has gone nearly round the world, at least nearly round Europe; but on the flag of England still remains the religious symbol of the era before the Revolution.

The insular arrogance of the English character is a commonplace joke. It finds, perhaps, its strongest expression in the saying of Milton that the manner of God is to reveal things first to his Englishmen. It has made Englishmen odious even to those who, like the Spaniards, have received liberation or protection from English hands. It stimulated the desperate desire to see France rid of the "Goddams" which inspired Joan of Arc. For an imperial people it is a very unlucky peculiarity, since it precludes not only fusion but sympathy and almost intercourse with the subject races. The kind heart of Lord Elgin, when he was governor-general of India, was shocked by the absolute want of sympathy or bond of any kind, except love of conquest, between the Anglo-Indian and the native; and the gulf apparently, instead of being filled up, now yawns wider than ever.

It is needless to dwell on anything so commonplace as the effect of an insular position in giving birth to commerce and developing the corresponding elements of political character. The British islands

are singularly well placed for trade with both hemispheres; in them, more than in any other point, may be placed the commercial centre of the world. It may be said that the nation looked out unconsciously from its cradle to an immense heritage beyond the Atlantic. France and Spain looked the same way, and became competitors with England for ascendancy in the New World; but England was more maritime, and the most maritime was sure to prevail. Canada was conquered by the British fleet. To the commerce and the maritime enterprise of former days, which were mainly the results of geographical position, has been added within the last century the vast development of manufactures produced by coal and steam, the parents of manufactures, as well as the expansion of the iron trade in close connection with manufactures. Nothing can be more marked than the effect of industry on political character in the case of England. From being the chief seat of reaction, the north has been converted by manufactures into the chief seat of progress. The Wars of the Roses were not a struggle of political principle; hardly even a dynastic struggle; they had their origin partly in a patriotic antagonism to the foreign queen and to her foreign counsils; but they were in the main a vast faction fight between two sections of an armed and turbulent nobility turned into buccaneers by the French wars, and, like their compeers all over Europe, bereft, by the decay of Catholicism, of the religious restraints with which their morality was bound up. But the Lancastrian party, or rather the party of Margaret of Anjou and her favorites, was the more reactionary, and it had the centre of its strength in the north, whence Margaret drew the plundering and devastating host which gained for her the second battle of St. Albans and paid the penalty of its ravages in the merciless slaughter of Towton. The north had been kept back in the race of progress by agricultural inferiority, by the absence of commerce with the Continent, and by border wars with Scotland. In the south was the seat of prosperous industry, wealth, and comparative civilization; and the banners of the southern cities were in the armies of the house of York. The south accepted the Reformation, while the north was the scene of the Pilgrimage of Grace. Coming down to the Civil War in the time of Charles I., we find the Parliament strong in the south and east, where are still the centres of commerce and manufactures, even the iron trade,

which has its smelting-works in Sussex. In the north the feudal tie between landlord and tenant, and the sentiment of the past, preserve much of their force; and the great power in those parts is the Marquis of Newcastle, at once great territorial lord of the Middle Ages and elegant *grand seigneur* of the Renaissance, who brings into the field a famous regiment of his own retainers. In certain towns, such as Bradford and Manchester, there are germs of manufacturing industry, and these form the sinews of the Parliamentary party in the district which is headed by the Fairfaxes. But in the reform movement which extended through the first half of the present century, the geographical position of parties was reversed; the swarming cities of the north were then the great centres of liberalism and the motive power of reform; while the south, having by this time fallen into the hands of great landed proprietors, was conservative. The stimulating effect of populous centres on opinion is a very familiar fact: even in the rural districts it is noticed by canvassers at elections that men who work in gangs are generally more inclined to the liberal side than those who work separately.

In England, however, the agricultural element always has been and remains a full counterpoise to the manufacturing and commercial element. Agricultural England is not what Pericles called Attica, a mere suburban garden, the embellishment of a queenly city. It is a substantive interest and a political power. In the time of Charles I. it happened that, owing to the great quantity of land thrown into the market in consequence of the confiscation of the monastic estates, which had slipped through the fingers of the spendthrift courtiers to whom they were at first granted, small freeholders were very numerous in the south, and these men like the middle class in the towns, being strong Protestants, went with the Parliament against the Laudian reaction in religion. But land in the hands of great proprietors is conservative, especially when it is held under entails and connected with hereditary nobility; and into the hands of great proprietors the land of England has now entirely passed. The last remnant of the old yeoman freeholders departed in the Cumberland statesmen, and the yeoman freeholder in England is now about as rare as the other. Commerce has itself assisted the process by giving birth to great fortunes, the owners of which are led by social ambition to buy landed estates, because to land the odor of feudal superiority

still clings, and it is almost the necessary qualification for a title. The land has also actually absorbed a large portion of the wealth produced by manufactures, and by the general development of industry; the estates of northern landowners especially have enormously increased in value, through the increase of population, not to mention the not inconsiderable appropriation of commercial wealth by marriage. Thus the conservative element retains its predominance, and it even seems as though the land of Milton, Vane, Cromwell, and the reformers of 1832, might after all become, politically as well as territorially, the domain of a vast aristocracy of landowners, and the most reactionary instead of the most progressive country in Europe. Before the repeal of the Corn Laws there was a strong antagonism of interest between the land-owning aristocracy and the manufacturers of the north; but that antagonism is now at an end; the sympathy of wealth has taken its place; the old aristocracy has veiled its social pride and learned to conciliate the new men, who on their part are more than willing to enter the privileged circle. This junction is at present the great fact of English politics, and was the main cause of the overthrow of the liberal government in 1874. The growth of the great cities itself seems likely, as the number of poor householders increases, to furnish reaction with auxiliaries in the shape of political lazzaroni capable of being organized by wealth in opposition to the higher order of workmen and the middle class. In Harrington's "Oceania," there is much nonsense; but it rises at least to the level of Montesquieu in tracing the intimate connection of political power, even under elective institutions, with wealth in land.

Hitherto, the result of the balance between the landowning and commercial elements has been steadiness of political progress, in contrast on the one hand to the commercial republics of Italy, whose political progress was precocious and rapid but shortlived, and on the other hand to great feudal kingdoms where commerce was comparatively weak. England, as yet, has taken but few steps backwards. It remains to be seen what the future may bring under the changed conditions which we have just described. English commerce, moreover, may have passed its acme. Her insular position gave Great Britain during the Napoleonic wars, with immunity from invasion, a monopoly of manufactures and of the carrying trade. This element of her commercial supremacy

is transitory, though others, such as the possession of coal, are not.

Let us now consider the effects of the division between the two islands and of those between different parts of the larger island. The most obvious effect of these is tardy consolidation, which is still indicated by the absence of a collective name for the people of the three kingdoms. The writer was once rebuked by a Scotchman for saying "England" and "English," instead of saying "Great Britain" and "British." He replied that the rebuke was just, but that we must say "British and Irish." The Scot had overlooked his poor relations.

We always speak of Anglo-Saxons and identify the extension of the colonial empire with that of the Anglo-Saxon race. But even if we assume that the Celts of England and of the Scotch Lowlands were exterminated by the Saxons, taking all the elements of Celtic population in the two islands together, they must bear a very considerable proportion to the Teutonic element. That large Irish settlements are being formed in the cities of northern England is proved by election addresses coquetting with Home Rule. In the competition of the races on the American continent the Irish more than holds its own. In the age of the steam-engine the Scotch Highlands, the mountains of Cumberland and Westmoreland, of Wales, of Devonshire, and Cornwall, are the asylum of natural beauty, of poetry and hearts which seek repose from the din and turmoil of commercial life. In the primeval age of conquest they, with sea-girt Ireland, were the asylum of the weaker race. There the Celt found refuge when Saxon invasion swept him from the open country of England and from the Scotch Lowlands. There he was preserved with his own language, indicating by its variety of dialects the rapid flux and change of unwritten speech; with his own form of Christianity, that of apostolic Britain; with his un-Teutonic gifts and weaknesses, his lively, social, sympathetic nature, his religious enthusiasm, essentially the same in its Calvinistic as in its Catholic guise, his superstition, his clannishness, his devotion to chiefs and leaders, his comparative indifference to institutions, and lack of national aptitude for self-government.

The further we go in these inquiries the more reason there seems to be for believing that the peculiarities of races are not congenital, but impressed by primeval circumstance. Not only the same moral and intellectual nature, but the same primitive

institutions, are found in all the races that come under our view; they appear alike in Teuton, Celt, and Semite. That which is not congenital is probably not indelible, so that the less favored races, placed under happier circumstances, may in time be brought to the level of the more favored, and nothing warrants inhuman pride of race. But it is surely absurd to deny that peculiarities of race, when formed, are important factors in history. Mr. Buckle, who is most severe upon the extravagances of the race theory, himself runs into extravagances not less manifest in a different direction. He connects the religious character of the Spaniards with the influence of apocryphal volcanoes and earthquakes, whereas it palpably had its origin in the long struggle with the Moors. He in like manner connects the theological tendencies of the Scotch with the thunderstorms which he imagines (wrongly, if we may judge by our own experience) to be very frequent in the Highlands, whereas Scotch theology and the religious habits of the Scotch generally were formed in the Lowlands and among the Teutons, not among the Celts.

The remnant of the Celtic race in Cornwall and West Devon was small, and was subdued and half incorporated by the Teutons at a comparatively early period; yet it played a distinct and a decidedly Celtic part in the Civil War of the seventeenth century. It played a more important part towards the close of the following century by giving itself almost in a mass to John Wesley. No doubt the neglect of the remote districts by the Bishops of Exeter and their clergy left Wesley a clear field; but the temperament of the people was also in his favor. Anything fervent takes with the Celt, while he cannot abide the religious compromise which commends itself to the practical Saxon.

In the Great Charter there is a provision in favor of the Welsh, who were allied with the barons in insurrection against the crown. The barons were fighting for the Charter, the Welshmen only for their barbarous and predatory independence. But the struggle for Welsh independence helped those who were struggling for the Charter; and the remark may be extended in substance to the general influence of Wales on the political contest between the crown and the barons. Even under the house of Lancaster, Llewellyn was faintly reproduced in Owen Glendower. The powerful monarchy of the Tudors finally completed the annexation. But isolation survived independence. The Welsh-

man remained a Celt, preserved his language and his clannish spirit, though local magnates, such as the family of Wynn, filled the place in his heart once occupied by the chief. Ecclesiastically he was annexed, but refused to be incorporated, never seeing the advantage of walking in the middle path which the State Church of England had traced between the extremes of Popery and Dissent. He took Methodism in a Calvinistic and almost wildly enthusiastic form. In this respect his isolation is likely to prove far more important than anything which Welsh patriotism strives to resuscitate by Eisteddfodds. In the struggle, apparently imminent, between the system of Church establishments and religious equality, Wales furnishes a most favorable battle-ground to the party of disestablishment.

The Teutonic realm of England was powerful enough to subdue, if not to assimilate, the remnants of the Celtic race in Wales and their other western hills of refuge. But the Teutonic realm of Scotland was not large or powerful enough to subdue the Celts of the Highlands, whose fastnesses constituted in geographical area the greater portion of the country. It seems that in the case of the Highlands, as in that of Ireland, Teutonic adventurers found their way into the domain of the Celts and became chieftains, but in becoming chieftains they became Celts. Down to the Hanoverian times the chain of the Grampians which from the Castle of Stirling is seen rising like a wall over the rich plain, divided from each other two nationalities, differing totally in ideas, institutions, habits, and costume, as well as in speech, and the less civilized of which still regarded the more civilized as alien intruders, while the more civilized regarded the less civilized as robbers. Internally, the topographical character of the Highlands was favorable to the continuance of the clan system, because each clan having its own separate glen, fusion was precluded, and the progress towards union went no further than the domination of the more powerful clans over the less powerful. Mountains also preserve the general equality and brotherhood which are not less essential to the constitution of the clan than devotion to the chief, by preventing the use of that great minister of aristocracy, the horse. At Killiecrankie and Prestonpans the leaders of the clan and the humblest clansmen still charged on foot side by side. Macaulay is undoubtedly right in saying that the Highland risings against William

III. and the first two Georges were not dynastic but clan movements. They were in fact the last raids of the Gael upon the country which had been wrested from him by the Sassenach. Little cared the clansman for the principles of Filmer or Locke, for the claims of the house of Stuart or for those of the house of Brunswick. Antipathy to the Clan Campbell was the nearest approach to a political motive. Chiefs alone, such as the unspeakable Lovat, had entered as political *condottieri* into the dynastic intrigues of the period, and brought the claymores of their clansmen to the standard of their patron, as Indian chiefs in the American wars brought the tomahawks of their tribes to the standard of France or England. Celtic independence greatly contributed to the general perpetuation of anarchy in Scotland, to the backwardness of Scotch civilization, and to the abortive weakness of the Parliamentary institutions. Union with the more powerful kingdom at last supplied the force requisite for the taming of the Celt. Highlanders, at the bidding of Chatham's genius, became the soldiers, and are now the pet soldiers, of the British monarchy. A Hanoverian tailor with improving hand shaped the Highland plaid, which had originally resembled the simple drapery of the Irish kern, into a garb of complex beauty and well suited for fancy balls. The power of the chiefs and the substance of the clan system were finally swept away, though the sentiment lingers, even in the transatlantic abodes of the clansmen, and is prized, like the dress, as a remnant of social picturesqueness in a prosaic and levelling age. The hills and lakes—at the thought of which even Gibbon shuddered—are the favorite retreats of the luxury which seeks in wildness refreshment from civilization. After Culloden, Presbyterianism effectually made its way into the Highlands, of which a great part had up to that time been little better than heathen; but it did not fail to take a strong tinge of Celtic enthusiasm and superstition.

Of all the lines of division in Great Britain, however, the most important politically has been that which is least clearly traced by the hand of nature. The natural barriers between England and Scotland were not sufficient to prevent the extension of the Saxon settlements and kingdoms across the border. In the name of the Scotch capital we have a monument of a union before that of 1603. That the Norman Conquest did not include the Saxons of the Scotch Lowlands was due chiefly to the menacing attitude of Danish pretend-

ers, and the other military dangers which led the Conqueror to guard himself on the north by a broad belt of desolation. Edward I., in attempting to extend his feudal supremacy over Scotland, may well have seemed to himself to be acting in the interest of both nations. Union would have put an end to border war, and it would have delivered the Scotch in the Lowlands from the extremity of feudal oppression, and the rest of the country from a savage anarchy, giving them in place of those curses by far the best government of the time. The resistance came partly from mere barbarism, partly from Norman adventurers, who were no more Scotch than English, whose aims were purely selfish, and who would gladly have accepted Scotland as a vassal kingdom from Edward's hand. But the annexation would no doubt have formidably increased the power of the crown, not only by extending its dominions, but by removing that which was a support often of aristocratic anarchy in England, but sometimes of rudimentary freedom. Had the whole island fallen under one victorious sceptre, the next wielder of that sceptre, under the name of the great Edward's wittold son, would have been Piers Gaveston. But what no prescience on the part of any one in the time of Edward I. could possibly have foreseen was the inestimable benefit which disunion and even anarchy indirectly conferred on the whole island in the shape of a separate Scotch Reformation. Divines, when they have exhausted their reasonings about the rival forms of Church government, will probably find that the argument which had practically most effect in determining the question was that of the much decried but in his way sagacious James I., "No bishop, no king!" In England the Reformation was semi-Catholic; in Sweden it was Lutheran; but in both countries it was made by the kings, and in both episcopacy was retained. Where the Reformation was the work of the people, more popular forms of Church government prevailed. In Scotland the monarchy, always weak, was at the time of the Reformation practically in abeyance, and the master of the movement was emphatically a man of the people. As to the nobles, they seem to have thought only of appropriating the Church lands, and to have been willing to leave to the nation the spiritual gratification of settling its own religion. Probably they also felt with regard to the disinherited proprietors of the Church lands that "stone dead had no fellow." The result was a democratic and thoroughly Protes-

tant Church, which drew into itself the highest energies, political as well as religious, of a strong and great-hearted people, and by which Laud and his confederates, when they had apparently overcome resistance in England, were, as Milton says, "more robustiously handled." If the Scotch auxiliaries did not win the decisive battle of Marston Moor, they enabled the English Parliamentarians to fight and win it. During the dark days of the Restoration English resistance to tyranny was strongly supported on the ecclesiastical side by the martyr steadfastness of the Scotch, till the joint effort triumphed in the Revolution. It is singular and sad to find Scotland afterwards becoming one vast rotten borough, managed in the time of Pitt by Dundas, who paid the borough-mongers by appointments in India, with calamitous consequences to the poor Hindoo. But the intensity of the local evil, perhaps, lent force to the revulsion, and Scotland has ever since been a distinctly Liberal element in British politics, and seems now likely to lead the way to a complete measure of religious freedom.

Nature, to a great extent, fore-ordained the high destiny of the larger island; to at least an equal extent she fore-ordained the sad destiny of the smaller island. Irish history, studied impartially, is a grand lesson in political charity; so clear is it that in these deplorable annals the more important part was played by adverse circumstance, the less important by the malignity of man. That the stronger nation is entitled by the law of force to conquer its weaker neighbor and to govern the conquered in its own interest is a doctrine which civilized morality abhors. But in the days before civilized morality, in the days when the only law was that of natural selection, to which philosophy by a strange counter-revolution seems now inclined to return, the smaller island was almost sure to be conquered by the possessors of the larger, more especially as the smaller, cut off from the continent by the larger, lay completely within its grasp. The map, in short, tells us plainly that the destiny of Ireland was subordinated to that of Great Britain. At the same time, the smaller island being of considerable size and the Channel of considerable breadth, it was likely that the resistance would be tough and the conquest slow. The unsettled state of Ireland, and the half-nomad condition in which at a comparatively late period its tribes remained, would also help to protract the bitter process of subjugation; and these again were

the inevitable results of the rainy climate, which, while it clothed the island with green and made pasture abundant, forbade the cultivation of grain. Ireland and Wales alike appear to have been the scenes of a precocious civilization, merely intellectual and literary in its character, and closely connected with the Church, though including also a bardic element derived from the times before Christianity, the fruits of which were poetry, fantastic law making, and probably the germs of scholastic theology, combined, in the case of Ireland, with missionary enterprise and such ecclesiastical architecture as the Round Towers. But cities there were none, and it is evident that the native Church with difficulty sustained her higher life amidst the influences and encroachments of surrounding barbarism. The Anglo-Norman conquest of Ireland was a supplement to the Norman conquest of England; and, like the Norman conquest of England, it was a religious as well as a political enterprise. As Hildebrand had commissioned William to bring the national Church of England into complete submission to the see of Rome, so Adrian, by the bull which is the stumbling-block of Irish Catholics, granted Ireland to Henry upon condition of his reforming, that is, Romanizing, its primitive and schismatic church. Ecclesiastical intrigue had already been working in the same direction, and had in some measure prepared the way for the conqueror by disposing the heads of the Irish clergy to receive him as the emancipator of the Church from the secular oppression and imposts of the chiefs. But in the case of England, a settled and agricultural country, the conquest was complete and final; the conquerors became everywhere a new upper class which, though at first alien and oppressive, became in time a national nobility, and ultimately blended with the subject race. In the case of Ireland, though the septa were easily defeated by the Norman soldiery, and the formal submission of their chiefs was easily extorted, the conquest was neither complete nor final. In their hills and bogs the wandering septa easily evaded the Norman arms. The Irish Channel was wide. The road lay through north Wales, long unsubdued, and, even when subdued, mutinous, and presenting natural obstacles to the passage of heavy troops. The centre of Anglo-Norman power lay far away in the southeast of England, and the force of the monarchy was either attracted to Continental fields or absorbed by struggles with baronial factions. Richard

II., coming to a throne which had been strengthened and exalted by the achievements of his grandfather, seems in one of his moods of fitful ambition to have conceived the design of completing the conquest of Ireland, and he passed over with a great power; but his fate showed that the arm of the monarchy was still too short to reach the dependency without losing hold upon the imperial country. As a rule, the subjugation of Ireland during the period before the Tudors was in effect left to private enterprise, which of course confined its efforts to objects of private gain, and never thought of undertaking the systematic subjugation of native fortresses in the interest of order and civilization. Instead of a national aristocracy the result was a military colony or pale, between the inhabitants of which and the natives raged a perpetual border war, as savage as that between the settlers at the Cape and the Kaffirs, or that between the American frontier-man and the red Indian. The religious quarrel was and has always been secondary in importance to the struggle of the races for the land. In the period following the conquest it was the pale that was distinctively Romanist. But when at the Reformation the Pale became Protestant, the natives, from antagonism of race, became more intensely Catholic, and were drawn into the league of Catholic powers on the Continent, in which they suffered the usual fate of the dwarf who goes to battle with the giant. By the strong monarchy of the Tudors the conquest of Ireland was completed with circumstances of cruelty sufficient to plant undying hatred in the breast of the people. But the struggle for the land did not end there; instead of the form of conquest it took that of confiscation, and was waged by the intruder with the arms of legal chicane. In the form of eviction it has lasted to the present hour; and eviction in Ireland is not like eviction in England, where great manufacturing cities receive and employ the evicted; it is starvation or exile. Into exile the Irish people have gone by millions, and thus, though neither maritime nor by nature colonists, they have had a great share in the peopling of the New World. The cities and railroads of the United States are to a great extent the monuments of their labor. In the political sphere they have retained the weakness produced by ages of political serfage, and are still the *débris* of broken clans, with little about them of the genuine republican, apt blindly to follow the leader who stands to them as a chief, while they are instinc-

tively hostile to law and government as their immemorial oppressors in their native land. British statesmen, when they had conceded Catholic emancipation and afterwards disestablishment, may have fancied that they had removed the root of the evil. But the real root was not touched till Parliament took up the question of the land, and effected a compromise which may perhaps have to be again revised before complete pacification is attained.

In another way geography has exercised a sinister influence on the fortunes of Ireland. Closely approaching Scotland, the northern coast of Ireland in course of time invited Scotch immigration, which formed as it were a Presbyterian pale. If the antagonism between the English Episcopalian and the Irish Catholic was strong, that between the Scotch Presbyterian and the Irish Catholic was stronger. To the English Episcopalian the Irish Catholic was a barbarian and a Romanist; to the Scotch Presbyterian he was a Canaanite and an idolater. Nothing in history is more hideous than the conflict in the north of Ireland in the time of Charles I. This is the feud which has been tenacious enough of its evil life to propagate itself even in the New World, and to renew in the streets of Canadian cities the brutal and scandalous conflicts which disgrace Belfast. On the other hand, through the Scotch colony, the larger island has a second hold upon the smaller. Of all political projects a federal union of England and Ireland with separate Parliaments under the same crown seems the most hopeless, at least if government is to remain Parliamentary; it may be safely said that the normal relation between the two Parliaments would be collision, and collision on a question of peace or war would be disruption. But an independent Ireland would be a feasible as well as natural object of Irish aspiration if it were not for the strength, moral as well as numerical, of the two intrusive elements. How could the Catholic majority be restrained from legislation which the Protestant minority would deem oppressive? And how could the Protestant minority, being as it is more English or Scotch than Irish, be restrained from stretching its hands to England or Scotland for aid? It is true that if scepticism continues to advance at its present rate, the lines of religious separation may be obliterated or become too faint to exercise a great practical influence, and the bond of the soil may then prevail. But the feeling against England which is the strength of Irish

nationalism is likely to subside at the same time.

Speculation on unfulfilled contingencies is not invariably barren. It is interesting at all events to consider what would have been the consequences to the people of the two islands, and to humanity generally, if a Saxon England and a Celtic Ireland had been allowed to grow up and develop by the side of each other untouched by Norman conquest. In the case of Ireland we should have been spared centuries of oppression which has profoundly reacted, as oppression always does, on the character of the oppressor; and it is difficult to believe that the isle of saints and of primitive universities would not have produced some good fruits of its own. In the Norman Conquest of England historical optimism sees a great political and intellectual blessing beneath the disguise of barbarous havoc and alien tyranny. The Conquest was a continuation of the process of migratory invasions by which the nations of modern Europe were founded, from restless ambition and cupidity, when it had ceased to be beneficent. It was not the superposition of one primitive element of population on another, to the ultimate advantage, possibly, of the compound; but the destruction of a nationality, the nationality of Alfred and Harold, of Bede and Ælfric. The French were superior in military organization; that they had superior gifts of any kind, or that their promise was higher than that of the native English, it would not be easy to prove. The language, we are told, was enriched by the intrusion of the French element. If it was enriched it was shattered; and the result is a mixture so heterogeneous as to be hardly available for the purposes of exact thought, while the language of science is borrowed from the Greek, and as regards the unlearned mass of the people is hardly a medium of thought at all. There are great calamities in history, though their effects may in time be worked off, and they may be attended by some incidental good. Perhaps the greatest calamity in history was the wars of Napoleon, in which some incidental good may nevertheless be found.

To the influences of geographical position, soil, and race is to be added, to complete the account of the physical heritage, the influence of climate. But in the case of the British Islands we must speak not of climate, but of climates; for within the compass of one small realm are climates moist and comparatively dry, warm and cold, bracing and enervating, the results

of special influences the range of which is limited. Civilized man to a great extent makes a climate for himself; his life in the north is spent mainly indoors, where artificial heat replaces the sun. The idea which still haunts us, that formidable vigor and aptitude for conquest are the appanage of northern races, is a survival from the state in which the rigor of nature selected and hardened the destined conquerors of the Roman Empire. The stoves of St. Petersburg are as enervating as the sun of Naples, and in the struggle between the northern and southern states of America not the least vigorous soldiers were those who came from Louisiana. In the barbarous state the action of a northern climate as a force of natural selection must be tremendous. The most important of the races which peopled the British Islands had already undergone that action in their original abodes. They could, however, still feel the beneficent influence of a climate on the whole eminently favorable to health and to activity: bracing, yet not so rigorous as to kill those tender plants of humanity which often bear in them the most precious germs of civilization; neither confining the inhabitant too much to the shelter of his dwelling, nor, as the sons of the south are apt to do, drawing him too much from home. The climate and the soil together formed a good school for the character of the young nation, as they exacted the toil of the husbandman and rewarded it. Of the varieties of temperature and weather within the islands the national character still bears the impress, though in a degree always decreasing as the assimilating agencies of civilization make their way. Irrespectively of the influence of special employments, and perhaps even of peculiarity of race, mental vigor, independence, and reasoning power are always ascribed to the people of the north. Variety, in this as in other respects, would naturally produce a balance of tendencies in the nation conducive to moderation and evenness of progress.

The islands are now the centre of an empire which to some minds seems more important than the islands themselves. An empire it is called, but the name is really applicable only to India. The relation of England to her free colonies is not in the proper sense of the term imperial; while her relation to such dependencies as Gibraltar and Malta is military alone. Colonization is the natural and entirely beneficent result of general causes, obvious enough

and already mentioned, including the power of self-government, fostered by the circumstances of the colonizing country, which made the character and destiny of New England so different from those of New France. Equally natural was the choice of the situation for the original colonies on the shore of the New World. The foundation of the Australian colonies, on the other hand, was determined by political accident, compensation for the loss of the American colonies being sought on the other side of the globe. It will perhaps be thought hereafter that the quarrel with New England was calamitous in its consequences as well as in itself, since it led to the diversion of British emigration from America, where it supplied the necessary element of guidance and control to a democracy of mixed but not uncongenial races, to Australia, where, as there must be a limit to its own multiplication, it may hereafter have to struggle for mastery with swarming multitudes of Chinese, almost as incapable of incorporation with it as the negro. India and the other conquered dependencies are the fruits of strength as a war power at sea combined with weakness on land. Though not so generally noticed, the second of these two factors has not been less operative than the first. Chatham attacked France in her distant dependencies when he had failed to make any impression on her own coasts. Still more clearly was Chatham's son the most incapable of war ministers, driven to the capture of sugar islands by his inability to take part otherwise than by subsidies in the decisive struggle on the Continental fields. This may deserve the attention of those who do not think it criminal to examine the policy of empire. Outlying pawns picked up by a feeble chessplayer merely because he could not mate the king do not at first sight necessarily commend themselves as invaluable possessions. Carthage and Venice were merely great commercial cities, which, when they entered on a career of conquest, were compelled at once to form armies of mercenaries, and to incur all the evil consequences by which the employment of those vile and fatal instruments of ambition is attended. England being, not a commercial city, but a nation, and a nation endowed with the highest military qualities, has escaped the fell necessity except in the case of India; and India, under the reign of the Company, and even for some time after its legal annexation to the crown, was regarded and treated almost as a realm in another planet, with an army, a politi-

cal system, and a morality of its own. But now it appears that the wrongs of the Hindoo are going to be avenged, as the wrongs of the conquered have often been, by their moral effect upon the conqueror. A body of barbarian mercenaries has appeared upon the European scene as an integral part of the British army, while the reflex influence of Indian empire upon the political character and tendencies of the imperial nation is too manifest to be any longer overlooked. England now stands where the paths divide, the one leading by industrial and commercial progress to increase of political liberty; the other, by a career of conquest, to the political results in which such a career has never yet failed to end. At present the influences in favor of taking the path of conquest seem to preponderate, and the probability seems to be that the leadership of political progress, which has hitherto belonged to England and has constituted the special interest of her history, will, in the near future, pass into other hands.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

THE BRIDE'S PASS.

BY SARAH TYTLER,

AUTHOR OF

"WHAT SHE CAME THROUGH," "LADY BELL," ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

THE FUTURE LADY OF DRUMCHATT.

MRS. MACDONALD chose her time when the shooting-season was nearly over, and the Moydarts and the Hopkinsons, with their houses thinned of company, were about to return to England till the next 12th of August. The fine weather had broken and was succeeded by a raw and misty-October day, with a melancholy anticipation of the gusty blasts and piercing sleet showers of November.

But the minister's wife was too humane to have counted beforehand on the corresponding bodily condition of her victim, she had not in imagination forestalled the well-known symptoms in a general chill and a roughness in the throat, which augured the setting in of a bad cold that would keep the sufferer a prisoner for weeks at the least. Donald had run the risk by a piece of unwonted rashness, in allowing *ennui* to carry him on an inclement day to his nearest neighbors, the manse people, whom he had not looked near for the last fortnight of fine weather.

Mrs. Macdonald happened to be the only person at home to receive the laird, and she met him with the greatest kindness. She paid no heed to his small bravado of superiority to the weather, uttered with chattering teeth. She inducted him, nothing loth, into the minister's easy-chair in front of the drawing-room fire, forcing him to swallow a little brandy, and filching a hot basin of soup from the coming lunch to solace him still further. Then she improved the opportunity to inform him blandly that she had a project of sending Unah south under the chaperonage of Mrs. Hopkins, to remain over the winter with a cousin of her mother's, of whom Donald had not heard before—but then she had been in India, had just escaped from the rebellion, and was only now settling down in Yorkshire.

"Send Unah away for the whole winter!" cried Donald in such dismay that he blurted out his consternation without disguise. "How am I—I mean how are you and the minister to get through all the dreary winter months when the rest of the people are gone too, without her?"

Mrs. Macdonald smiled more graciously than ever, while she gently shook the silvery ringlets beneath her little lace cap. "The other people, even though they stayed over Christmas, could do little for her father and me in the absence of Unah," she said, with a reproach which was altogether playful in her tone. "It is different with you of course, but we, who are really concerned, must put aside every consideration, including our own feelings, for the child's good—that is the way with fathers and mothers, Donald—and at the same time we must not make an idol of Unah."

"If you think I don't care for Unah's going, or for her good, if her going be for her good, you are very much mistaken, Mrs. Macdonald," said Donald hastily and resentfully; "but I must say I don't see what advantage she is to gain by wandering away, without any of her people, at this season, to England, where she may get into all kinds of trouble, fall ill and die among strangers, or when we may all be dead and buried here before we can see each other again. A girl whose life is to be spent in the Highlands—what acquisitions can she pick up in England among self-indulgent folks like the Hopkinsons, that will compensate the risk, or for that matter be of the smallest use to her afterwards?" protested Donald at once impatiently and a little fretfully.

"My dear Donald, our life or death are

beyond our own control, but we may be thankful that if we have a Christian's faith, we can leave the time and the place in the darkness in which I believe they are mercifully hidden." Mrs. Macdonald rebuked him gently. Then she took up the lighter parts of his remonstrance, and resumed her rallying tone of seniority and superior wisdom, while she remained firm in her opinion. "Unah's life has been spent in the Highlands hitherto, it is true, but we are far from knowing that she is to be always in the north. Her brothers are in a different hemisphere; we are not to cheat ourselves with the delusion that her father and mother are to live forever, and that we are to go on for the next hundred years or so, staying in the manse of Fearnavoi, even if we did not aspire to a higher destiny. When we are gone there is no saying where Unah's lot may be cast, so she ought to see a little more of the world when she is young, that everything out of the parish or beyond the Grampians may not be strange to her when she is too old to learn to accommodate herself to novelties. A shy, timid girl is one thing, Donald, and a shy, timid, middle-aged woman is quite another; the last is a pitiable object. As for the Hopkinses, whom you call self-indulgent, I don't deny that the world has a great hold upon them; but let us look at their temptations and not judge our neighbors too harshly. The Hopkinses are certainly perfectly respectable, and far nicer than one might have expected of such *nouveaux riches*. I see a great improvement on them since I knew them first; but why need I say all this to you, Donald? Have you not been getting on quite intimate terms with the Hopkinses this autumn? I have even been doubtful whether I ought not to congratulate you on inducing Miss Laura to forego England with London and Brighton, in order to settle in the parish for the rest of her life."

"I don't care a rush where Laura Hopkins settles," said Donald ungallantly; "not that she would ever bury herself alive, as she would consider it, in Fearnavoi, for the sake of me or any man, without the glory of a handle to his name, like Lord Moydart, or even Sir Duncan. The Hopkinses have not got over the distinction possessed by a live baronet, though they are a little beyond being smitten by majors and captains. Miss Laura, and still more her mamma, would dearly like to have a ladyship among their valuable properties." He had meant to correct himself for a rude inference, but in his ill-

humor he had fallen into further strictures on his recent associates.

But Donald was not really minding the Hopkinses, his thoughts returned at once to the injury which was about to be inflicted on himself by Unah Macdonald's presuming to go away, or her relations presuming to send her away, for some months. During the interval she might meet with all manner of counter-attractions. She might, instead of sickening and dying without the benefit of relations or old friends, do what was more likely in the case of a young girl who had never suffered from a serious illness in her life, see and be seen, marry, or at least engage herself to marry, some horribly rich snob of the Hopkinses' set, who had never crossed her path before, or some rudely healthy Yorkshire squire.

Donald dwelt on the cold which he was sure he had caught this very morning, and every sign of which had become suddenly aggravated and intensified till a whole host of shivers ran through his system. Who knew but that it might lay him up for the whole winter? He imagined how dismal the days would be without Unah walking up with her father or mother to inquire for him, and staying to play and sing to him when he could not do either for himself. Unah was not a great musician, not nearly so well trained as Miss Laura Hopkins was; and the little Highland girl had not heard one of the multitude of operas of which Lady Jean could give snatches. Still Unah could play the old Highland music—the laments and the pibrochs—better than Lady Jean could do, with all her efforts.

And there was that English version of the Red Book of Clanranald, which Donald had so long wished to get, and that Hector Maclean, the schoolmaster, had at last obtained for him. The prize had arrived when the company were in all the county houses for the shooting-season, and though Donald knew that Lord Moydart would neglect the very birds to study it amidst the fit surroundings, he, Donald, had kept its *perdu*. He had laid it aside during the autumn, meaning that Unah and he should have the first eager examination of it all to themselves. They should read it together at their leisure, sift its statements, comparing them with their own chronicles as painstakingly and methodically as the minister himself, and finding it a welcome resource during the dark bitter days of winter which, in their proverbial shortness, were yet apt to prove all too long for him. The Red Book of Clanranald lost half its charm without

Unah. It was very ungrateful of Unah to forsake it and him for new friends such as the Hopkinses — vulgar, purse-proud people, in spite of their superficial refinement and what Mrs. Macdonald was time-serving enough to say in their defence. It was cruel of Unah to go to a foreign country like England, knowing all the while that he had sworn to live and die, for the short time he might spend on this earth, in his own Highlands and in his own home. She was perfectly aware that in winter for him to gad about and run off as far as the Yorkshire dales to catch a glimpse of her, would be as much as his wretched life was worth. But Unah did not heed whether the doom of his family came upon him early. She had no feeling, no pity for him.

"Does Unah care to go?" he asked abruptly, after he had nursed his knees and stared in silence into the fire for full five minutes, during which he had been considering that he had tried for himself and had found that he would give all the Laura Hopkinses and the Lady Jeans to boot (save the mark!) that the world held, sooner than lose Unah Macdonald.

"Unah does not know yet that there is any chance of her going," said Mrs. Macdonald, still with the same friendly but perfectly disengaged voice and manner. "I have thought it better not to mention it to her till everything is fixed. It is unsettling for a home-keeping girl to have such a proposal put before her; not that I expect Unah will be greatly elated at first — she is a tender-hearted child, and will be grieved to part from us all — that first parting, and for a period of months. It would not be worth incurring the fatigue and expense — in a manse household one must be very self-denying and careful, Donald — for a shorter time. But after the wrench is over, no doubt she will enjoy the variety like other girls."

"I don't believe it," declared the spoiled young laird doggedly; "but I will find for myself what is Unah's mind on the matter, and whether it is her pleasure to leave us all in the lurch."

"My dear Donald," Mrs. Macdonald exclaimed again in mild expostulation, "you are surely well aware that Unah knows her duty better than to object to the will of her parents, even were they to set her a much harder task than this. Another thing, you are a young man, and no longer a boy, Donald; you have sense and the feelings of a gentleman to appreciate the proper restraints of society. Though I trust you and Unah will always remain

true and dear friends, you must see that as you are not her brother in reality, there can be no question of your will and pleasure in her going or staying. I speak plainly to you, because, after all, you are like one of our own boys in our hearts, and I am convinced you are too just and generous not to see the force of my argument. You would not sacrifice Unah's interests to the fact that you have not a sister; and you would only be the less likely to be guilty of such selfishness — I must call it so," said Mrs. Macdonald — "because I have been proud and happy to have you for an adopted son. Now, be sincere with yourself I beg, Donald, and look beyond the present in order to comprehend your true relation to Unah. You like her very much, and her companionship is a great boon to you just now, but when you have brought a wife to Drumchatt, will it be anything save a trifle to you what Unah may do? unless, indeed, she were so left to herself as to propose to take some very rash and foolish step."

"As if you and I who know Unah, could ever suppose her doing anything of the kind," cried Donald, losing all patience and politeness. Then, as one of the salmon of his own river, that has with half-conscious infatuation swallowed the bait offered to him, then dived and swam and dragged the line in fruitless resistance for a space, suddenly collapses, flaps his fins in mingled exhaustion and despair, and allows himself to be landed without further opposition — in Donald's case he even assisted at his own landing — the young man added vehemently: "No wife shall ever come to Drumchatt that will put out Unah, none unless Unah herself, if she consent — you might have guessed that, Mrs. Macdonald," he went on as reproachfully as if his mind had been made up from the beginning, as if he had never resented the hook cleverly slipped down his gullet, never either fought or played with the line. Very possibly he forgot from that moment that he had not been wholly a free agent, either in his selection of Unah for a partner in life, or in the time for the declaration of his intentions. It is to be hoped that the salmon too, before he gasps out his breath on the bank, under the triumphant eyes of his captor, becomes equally oblivious to the worse sting of his pain, that it was by his own deed, in the face of his suspicions, that he snatched at and gulped down the bait which has proved his bane.

"Donald, you take away my breath," cried Mrs. Macdonald in her turn; and,

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indeed, as she was an excitable woman, her heart beat fast at the quick realization of her hopes. "This is changing the question with a vengeance. But are you sure you know your own feelings? Do you know what you are about? The most momentous decision of your life, only to be approached with the greatest thought, and — you will forgive the word from me, my dear boy — humility; your own happiness and Unah's, the well-being of two immortal creatures, depend, under Providence, on your being right in what you judge your present wishes," said Mrs. Macdonald, as earnestly as if she had never indulged in a speculation regarding his choice. She was actually for the moment as forgetful as Donald or the salmon could prove of her share of bringing about the crisis. It was as if the angler also had suddenly become a Mahometan and a fatalist, and conceived that his past instrumentality went for nothing. "It was written. Allah willed it!" Nay, it was as if the successful fisher showed himself so impartial as to end by adjuring the hapless salmon, if he had no mind to be boiled and eaten presently, to return to the flood from which he was already severed beyond remedy.

"I should think I know my own wishes," asserted Donald, with a confidence that was beyond suspicion. "I only wish I were as certain of Unah's inclinations." But though he had the grace to give Unah the option of a choice in the matter, there was very little doubt in his look or accent — rather a restless longing to go on and finish what he had begun, and insure his escape from the jeopardy which had lately threatened him. "As for Unah's happiness — so far as it rests with me, I promise with all my heart to care for it before my own."

"I know it; I believe you. There is no one I would sooner confide my daughter to; and you have not to be taught that an only daughter is a precious possession," said Mrs. Macdonald fervently, with ready tears softening the fire of her dark eyes, and smiles glistening through the tears. "And on your side, dear Donald, if Unah does you the honor to accept you for her husband, and leaves us all for you — to go over and bear you company and share your burdens at Drumchatt — you will not think me a very foolish woman, or much too partial a mother, if I admit that I am satisfied you have done well for yourself, and that my little Unah will make you the best and dearest of wives. But we are forgetting that there are more persons to

be consulted in the affair than you and I; some who, though they love you as well, may not be so easily won over to approve of your suit. Women and mothers are soft-hearted, Donald Macdonald; fathers are of sterner stuff, and little girls who have never been from home may open their eyes wide in terror at the first proposal to quit it finally."

"I will speak to the minister this very morning, whenever he comes in," cried Donald valiantly. "I will do what I can to bring round Unah; she is not cruel, and I need her more than you need her. Drumchatt is only next door, a mere step across the hills; it is not like going away from home at all, far less abandoning it. To start off for England and stay there for months as you have been suggesting would be a thousand times harder." He tried to turn the tables.

Mrs. Macdonald laughed at his warmth, but was not convinced. "Unah, as your wife and the mistress of Drumchatt, will be far less our own little daughter, to praise and to blame and to order about, than though the gates of the Highlands, and the Tay, and the Tweed were all passed. It is idle to shut our eyes to the truth, though you may be a good son to us in the room of the sons who are far away — I have called you an adopted son already, and I have said also that the fathers and mothers must give way in one sense to the children. It is the elders' right and privilege, which you may understand for yourself one day."

Donald kept his word in the feverish impatience that had already taken possession of him, and which, perhaps, belonged as much to his constitutional weakness as to the self-will tending to despotism that his rearing had bred in him. He spoke to the minister that very afternoon in the retirement of the study, where Donald had once been accustomed to say his lessons, and where Unah had often helped him along the rough road to knowledge. He could see some of their lesson-books still in the corner of the bookcase, and the blackboard on which they had done their sums had never been removed.

Farquhar Macdonald had his breath taken away more entirely than his wife had undergone the process. But when the shock of any man's seeking to carry off Unah, and the idea of Donald of Drumchatt's being that man and becoming Unah's future husband, grew a little familiar to him, it did not seem either unnatural or undesirable.

He had a fatherly liking for the young

kinsman in whose training the minister had taken so prominent a part. He clung to the hope that Donald, who had outgrown so many forebodings, might be spared to run the ordinary length of a man's race. In spite of what were held the minister's levelling tendencies, he had his share of a Highlander and a Fearnavoi man's respect for the head of a branch of the clan, and for the laird of Drumchatt. The minister also would take pride and pleasure, though in a simpler, less worldly sense than the words implied where his wife was concerned, in seeing Unah preside worthily in the old family mansion where her great-grand-aunt—the link that connected Drumchatt with Craighbhu—had reigned with distinction and credit in her day. Then Drumchatt was within an easy morning or evening's walk from Fearnavoi; and—granting the truth of what Mrs. Macdonald had said of the severance which marriage, like death, causes between the members of a household who had once every interest in common—the kindly nearness of neighborhood went a considerable way in the feelings with which the minister was disposed to regard his daughter's destination.

As to any undue advantages accruing from the marriage to Unah, at which the minister, in his position as former trustee to the problematical bridegroom, might well have scrupled, the very unworldliness of the man saved him from the doubt. He thought wistfully of his daughter in her youth and winsomeness, he compelled himself to regard the possibility of her sinking into the mere nurse of a fretful, ailing man, with the companion picture of Unah left a forlorn widow long before she had reached her prime, and it seemed to him, without prejudice, that the gain was mostly on Donald's part, the risk on Unah's; yet, as he was a Christian man and minister, with faith that God could cure all evil, physical no less than spiritual, he should not on that account, for the sake of his daughter's higher as well as her lower life, forbid the union.

But the minister did not respond entirely to Donald of Drumchatt's pressing proposal, a good deal to the annoyance of Donald, who had craved his audience without any expectation of a rebuff. Mr. Macdonald, though he expressed his startled surprise with forbearance, and heard out the speaker patiently and kindly, made certain conditions of his consent to the suit, which Donald, knowing all the time that the minister in his mildness was exceedingly difficult to move from a position

he had taken up, received as vexatious and savoring of fatherly red-tapism.

Donald of Drumchatt was welcome to pretend to Unah's hand; he might even speak to her, young as she was, on the subject, and do his best to secure her precious "Yes" as the seal to her father and mother's consent. The minister went farther, and spoke approving words, pleasant for a young man to hear, and doubly valuable coming from lips the honesty of which had never been questioned, on Donald's unsullied character, in addition to his capacity for maintaining a wife.

But not the less did Unah's father maintain that there was to be no word of the immediate marriage for which Donald craved. Both he and Unah were young enough to wait a year—twelve months could not be called a long engagement; let the lad think of Jacob's probation, and be ashamed of his intemperate haste. If Unah and he did not require to be better acquainted, they would not be the worse of having a winter and a summer in which to regard each other in a new light. Further, though Donald had no near relations to consult and was of age, and though both he and the minister were conscious that all his late guardians who were concerned for the young man's welfare would look upon an early marriage as the most fortunate event that could befall Donald, Mr. Macdonald remained resolute that the laird should communicate his intentions to what kindred, apart from the family at the manse, were left to him. He ought also to pay the remnant of his former trustee the proper compliment of announcing to them in due form his marriage, some time before the event took place. If they objected he must hear what they had to say against his choice. In short, Donald was to go about so serious a step, his most important worldly act, with fitting deliberation no less than with decency and order.

Donald, headstrong as he was, had to submit; but at least he might speak to Unah—speak to her within the same morning that he had broached the topic to her mother and father, before he mounted his pony and rode back, ere the sun set and the dew fell, another man—with changed, or at least with rapidly ripened and openly proclaimed views, to Drumchatt.

He was so well acquainted with the ways of the house that he had no trouble in finding Unah, the moment she had come in, laid aside her hat and gone up to the old nursery, where, among much antiquated and dilapidated furniture, she still kept

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many of her heterogeneous belongings. There were her pressed specimens of dried plants, and the living geraniums which had displayed their beauty in the glass porch during the summer and were to be coaxed to exist as leafless skeletons through the winter; the mother-dog with its puppies in their basket in the corner; and a somewhat messy array of paints and varnishes, earthenware, wood, and leather, with which Unah dabbled in enterprising girlish attempts at what, it is to be feared, would have shocked an austere, truth-loving artist, in such innocent mockeries of art as existed in those days in potochomania, imitation Japan work, and leather work which feigned to be carved wood.

"Don't come here, Donald," cried Unah, when she saw who was her visitor. "My mother has not given me a fire yet. Oh, don't attempt to shake hands with me, for I am sticky all over, from the crown of my head to the sole of my foot;" and in proof of this alarming announcement Unah made a wry face and held out two well-shaped little hands, red with cold and smeared with gum. "Go away back to the drawing-room," she enjoined on the intruder in her utter unconsciousness of his mission. "What are you doing following me here, on a cold day like this? Be a good boy, Don, and wait patiently till I wash my hands and do my hair. Oh dear! it needs to be done so often in windy weather, for my mother does not like to see it untidy;" and Unah craned her neck to glance disconsolately at the ruffled auburn locks in loose coils on her shoulders. "How well off you boys are to have short hair! Why are you standing still, there, when I have told you I am coming? What do you want so very much?" Unah demanded with a little aggrieved air of oppression and a regretful glance at the trashy implements of her beloved occupation.

Donald paused for a moment before he answered her, impelled by an instinct to look at her with new, enlightened, or was it bewitched eyes? At least it was with an additional sense—that of his spoken-out and determined purpose—that he regarded his old playmate. She stood there in her ignorant girlishness, clad in no daintier or more gorgeous attire than one of her inexpensive, unobtrusive frocks—they were frocks, not gowns, still. In this case the frock was composed of a thin, light, sandy-colored woollen stuff well warranted to wear, and not requiring any great proof to testify that it was in material and dye one of the most modest of fabrics. It was for the last quality as well as for

the economy of the purchase that Mrs. Macdonald had selected it for Unah. It was a style of costume which could in no circumstances have been striking, and which must have been singularly unbecoming to any pale complexion less fair and clear than Unah's. Moreover the frock was considerably rumpled, and showed more than one darn, the work of an amateur darning, in rents which could only have been made by gooseberry bushes or bramble thickets. There were even rubbed and frayed traces slightly stained with green, that looked suspiciously like the damage incurred by sliding down a hill-side, nay, climbing a tree in the pass. Donald's gaze took in the daughter of the manse with all her rustic accompaniments, as it had never taken her in before; and his heart leaped to the triumphant conclusion that, so far as he was concerned, Laura Hopkins in her freshest muslin and Lady Jean in her tartan silk could not come within miles of Unah Macdonald.

"Never mind that nonsense, Unah," said the young laird in his lordly way, advancing to the girl in defiance of her prohibition, and taking her hand without regard either to the gum with which it was daubed, or to her surprised resistance. "I have come to speak to you of something of consequence—of great consequence to us both—so I do not care for the cold or for anything else except what I am saying and what you will say to me in return. Did you ever hear that your mother was thinking of sending you off with the Hopkinses to spend the winter in England?"

"No!" cried Unah, opening wide her grey eyes in wonder and dismay. "How could I go by myself? What should I do away from you all?—away from Fearn-avoi! My mother would not make me do anything so terrible. My father would not hear of it."

"But your mother has thought of it, for she told me herself," said Donald, taking rather an unfair advantage of his friend and ally, "and I dare say she would have brought round your father to think it was best for you, but I have put a stop to it."

"Oh, thank you, thank you very much, dear Donald," exclaimed Unah gratefully; "only I don't know how it could have happened, or why they should have thought of sending me off now with the Hopkinses, after I had escaped going to school. I did not even hear that Mrs. Hopkins had asked me particularly to pay them a visit," with a little lingering incredulity bred of

her loyal trust in her father and mother's affection for her.

Donald's conscience had smitten him faintly at the expression of her gratitude, and he now hastened to say, with a little rising agitation,—

"Don't thank me in the very least, Unah, I was considering my own interest first of all," he admitted, with more entire truth than he was quite sensible of. "What should I do up by myself at Drumchatt all the winter, and you away in England? Unah, I am going to ask you instead to come to Drumchatt for good, and never to leave me."

"Never to leave you!" repeated Unah in a stunned, bewildered way, not at once arriving at a full comprehension of his meaning, though even in her slowness her cheeks grew suddenly red and her grey eyes began to shift their gaze with a startled restlessness, and to shun meeting his brown eyes. "That would be impossible. What would my father and mother say?"

"Nothing against my happiness, darling. They both know what I wish, and they agree to let you come if you will. They are even good enough to say that they are glad to give you to me. Unah, you won't be less kind than they are?"

She could not mistake him now, girlish, almost childish, as she was. All the dawning womanhood in her sprang up in answer to his appeal and interpreted its character. As her mother had guessed, the first feeling of the shy girl who shrank naturally from all that was new and untried, was one of almost unmingled affront and distress.

"Oh, don't speak so, Don," she implored him, turning away her abashed, frightened face, twisting her hands out of his grasp. "What has put such a strange idea into your head? Oh, let us be as we have always been. I am sure we were happy enough," she finished piteously.

"No, no, not a hundredth part so happy as we shall be," protested Donald sturdily, accustomed to the nervous timidity of his companion, and not a bit discomfited by the coyness, in which, however, there was not a grain of coquetry. "At least I know that I shall be as happy as the day is long, if you will be my wife, Unah. If you refuse me I shall be the most miserable fellow on God's earth — only not for long — such grief would soon do for me; you would not be long in getting rid of me."

"Oh, Donald, Donald, how can you say such wicked, nasty things!" exclaimed Unah, falling on a very girlish word to

convey her vehement condemnation of his threat, and ready to cry with alarm and with her own misery at the present moment.

"Well, Unah," alleged Donald, half doggedly, half with an air of candor, even of humility, "you know very well that I am not strong like other fellows."

"You are much stronger than you used to be," Unah interrupted him, with wistful, eager affection, and glancing over her shoulder at him in rueful deprecation. It was so bad for Donald to give way to apprehensions about his health. It was so bad of her to arouse such apprehensions in Donald; she had been so used from her very babyhood to sparing, sheltering, and humoring Donald — the reverse position which the two sexes are accustomed to hold towards each other.

"Perhaps," assented Donald, with recovered cheerfulness. "But it would not take very much — now would it, Unah? — to make an end of me and my re-established health, while such a disappointment would be the greatest blow I could receive. However, if you don't care for me, Unah, if you don't think you could ever care for me, of course I should not like you to let any considerations on my account prevent you from doing what you felt inclined." He did not speak sulkily or even with any soreness, for indeed so far as his knowledge went, and forewarned as he had been by Mrs. Macdonald, he did not have any reason to distrust the favorable result of his proposal. He only meant to be magnanimous. He had not the smallest suspicion that he was taking an unfair advantage of his old playmate and companion.

"But I do care for you, Don," Unah denied, weeping outright; "you know that I have cared for you all my life, very much — only not in this way — not to think of marrying you. Oh, I don't wish to marry any body, but to live with my father and mother all my life."

"What! be an old maid, Unah, 'a lone woman,' a single lady with a lass and a lantern; you who are so bonnie and so — so charming! I don't know the best word to sum up what you are in my eyes, you see I have not been accustomed to pay you compliments." He began to laugh at her resistance, it struck even him as being based on such very youthful and untenable grounds.

"I dare say not!" exclaimed Unah in disgust, "and I don't think, Donald, you or any body else had any right to begin troubling me with questions about marriage," she stammered at the very word,

and as to its forerunner love, she would have died sooner than breathe it, "not for a great while yet, not till I am much older and wiser, and able to face such a subject."

"Why, Unah, how old do you think you are?" he demanded lightly; "how old is Miss Laura Hopkins, who has already rejected half a score of suitors—as her mamma for her, if not she herself, will confide to you? How old is Lady Jean, for whose sake poor Hunter got the sack for presumption, and had to take himself out of the country a whole year ago? How old is Flora in the kitchen, of whom you told me the last time I was here that she and Eachin Roy are to be married at the term? And I was not going to ask you to take me and make a kirk or a mill of me on the spot. Yet I must confess I might have been so bold; but your father will not hear of your having anything to say to me—I mean before him as our minister—for a year, whole twelve months, all this winter and next spring and summer."

A year was a long time, like a lifetime to Unah; a ray of light broke through her dismay, she looked up with an air of relief, and in the relief there suddenly came to her a bashful sense of pride in the promotion of having received her first offer. Some one thought a great deal of her—Unah, whom even her father and mother, while they loved her dearly, held as little better than a child, and whom Jenny Reach was always, not so much scolding as scorning and making game of in an indulgent way; some one wished to make her the mistress of his house and the sharer of his counsels. It was odd and comical as well as dreadfully overwhelming; but when she came to consider it, it was not without its delicate flattery, its sop to her vanity, notwithstanding that the somebody was only her cousin Donald who knew no better, because he was very little older and wiser than herself. And she had a whole year to think of it, so that there was no need to distress and vex herself—and him—by forcing herself to give him an answer all in a moment.

Donald was wise enough, in spite of the scanty amount of wisdom which was all that Unah was inclined to accord to him, to content himself with breaking the ice. He got Unah to grant that she would think of what he had said, since she had not to take any decisive step for twelve months—then he let her go.

There was a considerable relapse into Unah's agony of affront and trouble when she had to face at luncheon not only Don-

ald, but her father and mother, with regard to whom he had said that they knew the wonder that had befallen her. Poor Unah crept into the dining-room looking very silly and sheepish as she was quite aware, and knowing herself horribly uncomfortable, having her ordinary fresh, cool cheeks dyed with the painful burning blushes and her eyes lowered in the sense of guilt of a conscious culprit.

But it seemed as if everybody had conspired to spare the girl and even to cause her to feel small in an opposite direction, by taking no notice of the great event of the morning, and looking and speaking as if nothing had occurred. Mrs. Macdonald entered into the merits and demerits of frizzles (a native term for Highland hens), and the minister talked of the varieties of Glenlivet, Campbelton, and Islay as he took his tonic of whisky and water.

After Donald left, to be sure, Unah's mother did allow herself to greet some trifling service—the bringing of a footstool or of a workbasket, which her daughter rendered her, with a whispered tender reproach, half gay, half pensive, as if she were already realizing, which indeed she was, that the attainment of her greatest ambition for her daughter would not be without its drawbacks to herself. "So, Unah, I am to do this for myself in time to come? My little girl is going to leave me."

"Oh, mother, I don't wish to leave you; let me stay with you and my father always," cried Unah, breaking down on the instant, and imploring urgently to be kept still in tutelage, and saved from herself and from Donald and the whole race of men.

But Mrs. Macdonald only shook her head with the faintly smiling negative of superior wisdom. "So you all say, little woman, but you don't mean it, and it would not be well if you did. We poor fathers and mothers must make up our minds to be separated from our children with the best grace we can muster; nay, with something better than grace, submission to the divine laws."

Unah might have contradicted her mother further, only she had not been brought up to contradict, and when Mrs. Macdonald spoke of submission to the divine laws it sounded conclusive.

Rather to Unah's surprise her father did not allude to Donald's proposal, where she was concerned, for days. But his very silence, his sympathetic shyness and reluctance to speak on the subject which was so near to them both, tended more

than any speech could have done to subdue and hold in check all trembling half-formed questions in her young inexperienced heart.

"God bless you, child, and Donald for your sake," was Mr. Macdonald's first allusion to the marriage which was in prospect. He made it one night, holding the girl back an instant for the purpose as she was bidding him good-night. He had not doubted Unah's consent to Donald's wishes, even though he had not underestimated his daughter's worth in the compact; and how could Unah, who did not know her own mind, make him doubt? She shook like a leaf and averted her face, now red as a rose, now pale as a lily, at his words; she quickly withdrew herself from his light grasp, but she received his blessing for herself and Donald in silence, which was of itself consent. And the longer she remained silent, the longer she suffered the imputation to rest upon her, the more certainly the conditions of her fate were being fulfilled.

From Fraser's Magazine.

HOLIDAYS IN EASTERN FRANCE.

IV.

THE JURA.

HARDLY has the traveller quitted Besançon in the direction of Lons-le-Saunier than he finds himself amid wholly different scenery; all is now on a vaster, grander scale—desolate sweeps of rocky plain, shelving mountain-side, bits of scant herbage alternating with vineyards, their gold-green foliage lending wondrous lustre to the otherwise arid landscape, the rocks rising higher and higher as we go—such are the features that announce the Jura. We have left the gentler beauties of the Doubs behind us, and are now in the most romantic and picturesque part of Franche-Comté.

Salins, perhaps the only cosmopolitan town that the Jura can be said to possess, since hither English and other tourists flock in the summer season, is superbly situated—a veritable fairy princess guarded by monster dragons. Four tremendous mountain-peaks protect it on every side, towering above the little town with imposing aspect. And it is no less strongly defended by art, each of these mountain-tops being crested with fortifications. Salins rears indeed a formidable front to the enemy, and no wonder the

Prussians could not take it. Strategically, of course, its position is most important, as a glance at the map will show. It is in itself a wonderful little place from its *assiette*, as the French say; and wherever you go you find wild natural beauty, whilst the brisk mountain air is delightful to breathe, and the transparent atmosphere lends an extra glow to every feature of the scene.

At Salins, too, we find ourselves in a land of luxuries, *i.e.*, clean floors, chambermaids, bells, sofas, washing-basins, and other items in hygiene and civilization. The Hôtel des Messageries is very pleasant, and here, as in the more primitive regions before described, you are received rather as a guest to be made much of than a foreigner to be imposed upon. This charming *bonhomie* found among all classes is apt to take the form of gossip overmuch, which is sometimes wearisome. The Franc-Comtois, I must believe, are the greatest talkers in the world, and any chance listener to be caught by the button is not easily let go. Yet a considerable amount of volubility is pardoned when people are so amiable and obliging.

Mendicity is forbidden in the Jura as in the department of the Doubs, and there is little real pinching poverty to be found among the rural population, who have a laboriousness, economy, and even sordidness unknown among our own. For the most part, the wine-grower and fabricator of so-called Gruyère cheese is well-to-do and independent, and here indeed the soil is the property of the people.

The Salins season ends on the 15th of September, when the magnificent hydropathic establishment closes, and only a few stray visitors remain. The waters are said to be much more efficacious than those of Kreuznach in Prussia, which they resemble; and the quantity of iron contained in the soil is shown by its deep crimson hue. If the tonic qualities of the mountain springs are invaluable, it must be admitted that they are done ample justice to, for never surely were so many public fountains to be found in a town of the same size. A charming monograph might be devoted to the public fountains of Franche-Comté, and those of Salins are especially meritorious as works of art. How many there are I cannot say, but at least half a dozen are interesting as monuments, notably the life-size bronze figure of a vintager by the gifted Salinois sculptor, Max Claudel, ornamenting one; the fine torso surmounting another, and of which the history is mysterious; and the

group of swans adorning a third, and so on, at every turn the stranger coming upon some street decorations of this kind whilst the perpetual sound of running water is delightful to the ear. I shall never recall the Jura without the cool, pleasant, dripping noise of falling water, as much a part of it as its brisk air and dazzling blue sky. There is a great deal to see at Salins; the *salines*, or salt-works of ancient date, the old church of St. Anatoile with its humorous wood-carvings, the exquisite Bruges tapestries in the museum, the ancient gateways of the city, the quaint Renaissance statue of St. Maurice in the church of that name; lastly, the forts and the superb panorama to be obtained from any one of them. This little straggling town of not more than six thousand and odd inhabitants possesses a public library of ten thousand volumes, a natural history, museum, a theatre, and other resources. It is eminently Catholic, but I was glad to find that the thin edge of the Protestant wedge is being driven in, a Protestant service being now held there once a month, and this will doubtless soon develop into some regular organization.

Perhaps the most beautiful excursion to be made from Salins is to the little town of Nans, and the source of the river Lison, a two hours' drive amid scenery of alternating loveliness and grandeur, vines seen everywhere as we climb upwards, our road curling about the mountain-sides as a ribbon twisted round a sugarloaf; then having wound in and over jagged peaks covered with light foliage and abrupt slopes clad with vines, we come to sombre pine-clad peaks, passing from one forest to another, the air blowing upon us with sudden keenness. No sooner do we emerge from these gloomy precincts than we see the pretty little village of Nans, smiling and glowing in a warm, sunlit valley, and most enticing is the sight after the sombreness and chilliness of the mountain-tops.

I will mention, for the benefit of those who care for good things, that we found a choice dinner awaiting us in the homely little *auberge* at which we alighted. Hare, salmon-trout, prawns, small birds and all kinds of local confectionery were here supplied at the modest price of two francs and a half, the cook of the establishment being the landlady herself, and the entire staff seeming to consist of two old women. One of these was drafted off to guide me to the source, and off we set on our wonderful walk, at once leaving the warm, open valley for the mountain-side; on and on we went, the mountains closing upon us

and shutting out more and more of the glowing blue heavens till we came to a stand. From the rocky fastnesses here forbidding farther progress the river Lison has its source above; they show a silvery grey surface against the emerald of the valleys and the sapphire of the sky, but below the huge cleft from which we are come to see the river issue forth, they are black as night.

A few steps onward, and we come in sight of the source. No words can convey its imposingness or the sense of contrast forced upon the mind; the pitchy, close cavern from which flashes the river of silvery whiteness, tumbling in a dozen cascades down glistening black rocks and across pebbly beds and along gold-green pastures. We explored the inner part of this strange rock-bed: the little river Lison springing and leaping from its dark cavernous home with wild exultation into the light, pursuing its way under all kinds of difficulties, growing broader and broader as it goes, till, a wide, sunlit river, it flows onward towards the sea, reminded me of a lovely thought emerging from the thinker's brain, which, after obstacles and hindrances innumerable, at last, refreshing and delighting all as it goes, reaches the open light of universal truth!

Behind the source, and reached by a winding path cut in the rock, is a lofty chasm, from the summit of which another mountain stream falls with beautiful effect; and no less impressive and curious are the so-called Grottes des Sarrazins, a little farther off — huge caverns shutting in a little lake, and through which the river rushes with a sound of thunder.

On the steep mountain-path leading to the chasm just mentioned we find hellebore growing in abundance, also the winter cherry, its vermilion-hued capsules glowing through the green. The brilliant red berry of the white-beam tree also lends color to the wayside hedge, as well as the deep rose-colored fruit of the *berberry*. Flowers grow in abundance, and in the town the cultivation of them seems a passion. Some gardens contain sunflowers and little else, others are full of zinnias, flowering mallow trees, and balsams. There is no gardening aimed at in our sense of the word, but simply abundance of color; the flowers are planted anyhow and grow anyhow, the result being ornamental in the extreme.

There is a pottery or *faïencerie* of two hundred years' standing at Nans, and some of the wares are very pretty and artistic. The chief characteristic of the Nans ware

or *cailloutage* is its creamy, highly glazed surface, on which are painted by hand flowers, birds, and arabesques in brilliant colors, and in more or less elaborate styles. Attempts are also made to imitate the well-known old Strasburg ware, of which great quantities are found in these parts, chiefly at sales in old houses. The Strasburg ware is known by its red flowers, chiefly roses, and tulips on a creamy ground, also elaborate arabesques in deep purple. If we take up a specimen we find the ornamentation done at random, and, in fact, the artist was compelled to this method of working in order to conceal the imperfections of the porcelain. The Nans ware — very like the *faïencerie* of Salins — commends itself both for form and design, and the working potters employed there will be found full of information which they are very ready to impart. One of them with whom I fell into conversation had just returned from the Paris Exhibition, and expressed himself with enthusiasm concerning the English ceramic galleries, of which indeed we may be proud.

It is impossible to exaggerate the beauty of Salins and its stately *entourage* of rock and vine-clad peak, especially seen on a September day, when the sky is of warmest blue, and the air so transparent, fresh, and exhilarating that merely to breathe is a pleasure. Nor are the people less striking than their mountain home. Dark hair, rich complexion, regular features, an animated expression, are the portion of most, especially of the women, whilst all wear a look of cheerfulness and health. No rags, no poverty, no squalor are seen here; and the abundance of natural resources brings the good things of life within reach of all. At this unpretending hotel the cookery would not discredit the Hôtel Bristol itself, everything being of the best. I was served with a little bird, which I ate with great innocence and no small relish, supposing it to be a snipe; but on my asking what it was, I found, to my horror, that the wretches had served up a thrush!

I am sorry to say that a tremendous slaughter of migratory birds goes on at this time of the year, not only thrushes, but larks, linnets, and other sweet songsters supplying the general dinner-table. The thrushes feed largely on grapes, which lends them a delicate flavor when cooked, and for which nefarious practice on their part they are said to be destroyed. I was assured that a thrush will eat two bunches of grapes a day, and they are mercilessly killed by hundreds of thousands, and sold

for three halfpence each, or sometimes a franc a dozen. Thrushes, moreover, are considered game, and occasionally the gendarmes succeed in catching a poacher. So mixed are one's feelings in dealing with this question, that it is impossible to know whether to sympathize with the unfortunate wine-grower whom the thrush robs of his two bunches of grapes per day, the poacher who is caught and heavily fined for catching it, or with the bird itself. No one who has Browning's charming lines by heart on the thrush in an English garden in spring, will, however, quietly sit down to such a repast; and I constantly lectured the people on their slaughter of singing-birds for the dinner-table, I fear to no purpose.

Leaving the gourmand — whose proclivities, by the way, are sadly encouraged throughout every stage of his journey in Franche-Comté — let us advise the curious to study the beautiful interior of the church of St. Anatoile dominating the town, also the equestrian statue of St. Maurice in the church of that name. The effect of this bit of supreme realism is almost ludicrous. The good old saint looks like some worthy countryman trotting off to market, and not like a martyr of the Church.

My next stage was Arbois, a little town travellers should see on account of its charming situation in the winding valley or *cluse* of the Cuisance. Nothing can be prettier, or give a greater idea of prosperity, than the rich vineyards sloping on all sides, the grapes now purpling in spite of much bad weather; orchards with their ripening fruit; fields of maize bursting the pod, and of buckwheat now in full flower, its delicate pink and white blossom so poetically called by Michelet "*la neige d'été*." No severity, no grandeur here; all is verdure, dimples, smiles; abundance of foliage and pasture on every side, abundance also of clear, limpid water taking every form — springs, cascades, rivulets; the little river Cuisance winding in and out amid vineyards and pastures over its rocky bed. You must follow this charming babbling river along the narrow valley to its twin sources, in tangled glen and rock, the road winding between woods, vineyards, and fantastic crags. The *cluse*, a narrow valley of the Cuisance, is paradisiacal, a bit of Eden made up of smooth pastures, rippling water, hanging woods and golden glens, this bright afternoon sparkling amid dew and sunshine. At one of these river sources you see the tufa in course of formation in the river bed; at the other the reverse process takes place, the tufa here

being dissolved. Both sites are poetic and lovely in the extreme.

I was sorry to hear from friends of the devastation committed here by the *oidium*, or vine-blight; and that the dreaded phylloxera, which has already ruined thousands, causing a loss of half the amount of the German war indemnity, is not many leagues off. Measures are taken against the phylloxera as against an invading army, but at present no remedy has been discovered, and meantime rich and happy wine-growers are being reduced to beggary. It was heart-breaking to gaze on the sickly appearance of the vines already attacked by the *oidium*, and to listen to the harassing accounts of the misery caused by an enemy more redoubtable still.

Arbois, though so charming to look at, is far from a little Eden. It is eminently a Catholic place, and atheism and immorality abound; there are devotees among the women, scoffers among the men, whilst a looseness in domestic morality among all classes characterizes the population. We need no information on the subject of dissipation generally—the number of *cafés* and *cabarets* speaks volumes. There is, of course, in this townling of not six thousand souls, a theatre, which is greatly resorted to. One old church has been turned into a theatre at Arbois, another into the Halles, and a third into the Hôtel de Ville. Protestantism is a young and tender plant as yet in Arbois, the church and school, or so-called *culte*, dating from ten years back only. The congregation consists of about fifty persons, all belonging to the poorer classes, and the position of a pastor amid such a flock must indeed be a sad one. He is constantly importuned for help, which out of his slender income he can ill afford to bestow, and he is surrounded by spies, detractors, and adversaries on every side.

That clericalism dominates here we need not be told. The booksellers' shops are filled with tracts concerning the miracles of Lourdes, rosaries, etc.; the streets swarm with nuns, Jesuits, and Frères Ignorantins. If you ask an intelligent lad of twelve whether he can read and write, he shakes his head and says no. The town itself, which might be so attractive if a little attention were paid to hygiene and sanitary matters, looks neglected and dirty. The people are talkative and amiable, and are richly endowed by nature, especially in the mathematical faculty. It is said that every peasant in these parts is a born mathematician; and among the distinguished names of Arbois are those of

several eminent military engineers and lawyers. Here, as in other towns of Franche-Comté, traces of the Spanish occupation remain in the street architecture, the arcades lending character and picturesqueness.

Arbois, after Salins, is like an April glimpse of sunshine following a black thundercloud, so contrasted is the grace of the one with the severity of the other. Tourists never come here, and in these wayside inns the master acts as waiter and porter, the mistress as cook. They give you plenty of good food, for which they hardly like to receive anything; talk to you as if you were an old friend during your stay, and on your departure are ready to embrace you out of pure cordiality.

Something must be said here about the famous Arbois wine, of which Henry IV. of France wrote to his friend the Duke of Mayenne upon their reconciliation: "I have some Arbois wine in my cellar, of which I send you two bottles, for I am sure you will not dislike it." These wines, both red and yellow, find their way to connoisseurs in Paris, but are chiefly grown for home consumption. There are several kinds, and the stranger in these regions must taste both the red and the white, called *jaune*, of various ages and qualities, to judge of their merits. I tasted some of the latter thirty years old, and certainly it tasted much as ambrosia might be supposed to taste on Mount Olympus. The grapes are dried in straw before making this yellow wine, and the process is a very delicate and elaborate one.

How wonderful it seems to find friends and welcomes in these unfrequented regions! Up till the moment of my departure from Arbois—a little town few English travellers have ever heard of—I had been engaged in earnest friendly talk with a Protestant pastor, and also with a schoolmaster and Scripture-reader from the heart of the Jura; and no sooner did I arrive at Lons-le-Saunier than I found myself as much at home in two charming family circles as if I had known them all my life. Amid the first of these I was compelled to accept hospitality, and took my place at the hospitable family board, opposite two little curly heads, boy and girl; whilst an hour or two after my arrival, I was sitting in the old-fashioned artistically furnished drawing-room of a Franc-Comtois Catholic family, father, mother, son, and young married daughter, all welcoming me as an old friend. This was not in Lons-le-Saunier itself, but in a neighboring village, to which we drove at

once, for I knew that I had been expected several days before. Fruit, liqueurs, preserves, cakes, I know not what other good things, were brought out to me, and after an hour or two delightfully spent in music and conversation, I left, promising to spend a long day with my kind friends before continuing my journey. It is impossible to give any idea of Franc-Comtois hospitality; you are expected to taste of everything, and your pockets are crammed with the good things you cannot eat.

I had fortunately no experience of hotels here, but a glance I got at the first in the place was far from inspiring confidence. A detachment of troops was passing through the town, and large numbers of officers were lodged in the hotel, turning it into a scene of indescribable confusion. The food is said to be first-rate, but the rooms looked dirty and uninviting, and the noise was enough to drive any one out of their wits. How refreshing to find myself in this quiet *presbytère* on the outskirts of the town, with no noise except the occasional pattering of little feet and happy sound of children's voices; in almost absolute quiet, indeed, from morning to night! My window looks upon a charming hill clothed with vineyards, and immediately underneath is the large straggling garden of the *presbytère*. The little church adjoins the house, and the school is also under the same roof, whilst the school-master takes his place as a guest at the family table of the pastor. All is harmony, quiet enjoyment, and peaceful domestic life.

Ah, what a different thing is the existence of a Catholic priest to that of a Protestant pastor! On the one side we find selfishness, enforced isolation from the purifying influences of the domestic affections, an existence, indeed, out of harmony with the purest instincts of man, detrimental by the force of circumstances not only to the individual himself, but to society at large; on the other, home, sobriety, a high standard of morality, with a perpetual exercise of self-denial and all other Christian virtues. No one who knows French life intimately can but be struck by the comparison between the two; and painful it is to think how the one is the rule, the other the exception, in this famed happy land of France.

Lons-le-Saunier, capital and *chef-lieu* of the department of the Jura, is charmingly situated amid undulating vine-clad hills, westward stretching the wide plain of La Bresse, eastward and southward the Jura range, dimpled heights changing to lofty

mountain ranges in the distance. The town, known to the Romans as Ledo Salinarius, and fortified under Roman rule, also a fortified town in the Middle Ages, is dominated by four hills conspicuously rising above the rest, and each offers a superb view from the top. My first walk was to the height of Mont Ciel, Mons Coelius of the Romans, south of the town, and a delightful walk it is, leading us upward amid vineyards to the summit, a broad open space planted with fine trees, and sufficiently large to afford camping-ground for the soldiers. From this vantage ground we have a wonderful prospect — hill and valley, with villages dotted here and there, picturesque mediæval castles crowning many a peak, and far away the vast plain stretching from the Jura to Burgundy, and the majestic mountain ranges bounding on either side the east horizon. This walk is so easy that our little companion of four years old could make it without fatigue; and there are many others equally delightful and not more fatiguing. We rested for a while on the hilltop eating grapes, then slowly descended, stopping on our way to enter the chapel of the Jesuits' school, both commanding a splendid site with wooded incline. There were of course women in the confessionals, and painted images of saints and miracle-workers, before which people were kneeling like the pagans of old. Image-worship, idolatry, indeed, in the crudest form, is carried on to a tremendous extent here: witness the number of images exposed for sale in the shop windows.

The chief excursion to be made from Lons-le-Saunier is that to the wonderful rock-shut valley and old Abbey of Baume — Baume-les-Messieurs as it is called, to distinguish it from the town of Baume-les-Dames, near Besançon. This is reached by a delightful drive of an hour and a half, or on foot by a good pedestrian, and is on no account to be omitted. We of course take the former course, having two little fellow-travellers, aged respectively four and two and a half years, who, perched on our knees, are as much delighted as ourselves with the beauty of everything. We soon reach the top of the valley, a deep, narrow, rock-inclosed valley or gorge, and leaving our carriage prepare to descend on foot. At first sight the zigzag path down the perpendicular sides of these steep, lofty rocks appears perilous, not to say impracticable, but it is neither the one nor the other. This mountain staircase may be descended in all security by sure-footed people not given to giddiness; our driver,

leaving his quiet horse for a time, shoulders one child, my companion shoulders another, I follow with the basket, and in twenty minutes we were safely landed at the base of the cliffs we had just quitted, not yet quite knowing how we had got there. These rocky walls, shutting in the valley, or *combe* as it is called, so closely that seldom any ray of sunshine can penetrate, are very lofty, and encircle it from end to end with most majestic effect; it is, indeed, a winding little islet of green, threaded by a silvery stream, and rendered naturally impregnable by fortress-like rocks. We rest on the turf for a little, whilst the children munch their cakes and admire the noise of the mill opposite to us, and the dazzling waters of the source, forming little cascades from the dark mountain-side into the valley. The grottoes and stalactite caverns of this valley are curious alike within and without, and in their inmost recesses is a little lake, the depth of which has never yet been sounded. Both lake and stalactite caves, however, can only be seen at certain seasons of the year, and then with some difficulty. A tiny river issues from the cleft, and very lovely is the deep narrow valley of emerald green through which it murmurs so musically. The mountain gorge opens gradually as we proceed; showing velvety pastures where little herdsmen and herdswomen are keeping their cows; goats, black and white, dot the steep rocks as securely as flies do on a ceiling, and abundance of trees grow by the roadside. The valley winds for half a mile to the straggling village of Baume, and then the stupendous natural circumvallation of cliff and rock comes to an end. Nothing finer in the way of scenery is to be found throughout the Jura than this, and it is quite peculiar, being unlike any other mountain formation I have ever seen; whilst the narrow winding valley of soft gold-green is in beautiful contrast with the rugged grandeur, not to say savageness, of its surroundings. The once important Abbey of Baume is now turned into a farmhouse, but enough remains to bespeak the former magnificence of this most aristocratic monastery, to which no one could be admitted without furnishing proof of four degrees of nobility on both sides, paternal and maternal. The buildings were on a very extensive scale, and joined the church, which possesses an altar-piece of the fifteenth century, a veritable *chef-d'œuvre*, both in design and execution. Such things are to be seen, not described; I only mention the fact as showing the

treasures contained in these remote regions. There are also some curious tombs, but considerably disfigured. The abbey shared the fate of most of the ecclesiastical buildings in the iconoclastic period of the French Revolution; and when we consider the pitch of popular frenzy then, we are rather tempted to wonder that anything was left, rather than that so many treasures were destroyed. Our way home lay through the picturesque valley of the Seille, past many places celebrated for their wines and their antiquities — Voiteur, with its ancient Celtic *oppidum* and ruins; Château Châlon, renowned for its wine, resembling Tokay; the Château du Pin, massive donjon, perched on a hill and still habitable, where Henry IV. sojourned; and other picturesque and interesting sites, reaching home before dusk. In fine weather the inhabitants of Lons-le-Saunier frequently make picnic parties to Baume, breakfasting in the recesses; but alas! fine weather is as rare this year in Franche-Comté as in England, and autumn sets in early. Already the mornings and evenings are really cold, and a fire would be a luxury. We do, however, get a fine day now and then, with a few hours of warm sunshine in the middle of the day, and I had one of these for a visit to my Franc-Comtois friends living at Courbouzou, whom I have before mentioned.

The little village of Courbouzou is captivatingly situated at the foot of the first Jura range, about a mile from Lons-le-Saunier. As I have before said, wherever I have spoken of a mountain throughout this entire journey, it must be understood to belong to the Jura chain, which begins here and only ends at Belfort, and all along consists of the same limestone formation, only here and there a vein of granite being found.

My friend's house is delightful, standing in the midst of orchards, gardens, and vines; the fine rugged peak called Mont d'Orient, first mountain of all the Jura range — of which he is the owner — rising above. On a glorious day we all set off for the mountain-top, and a beautiful climb it was, amid vineyards, pastures, and groves of walnut-trees. The grapes here are, alas! attacked in many places by the blight *oidium*. This year the season has been so wet and cold moreover that the grapes, which must be gathered after the first white frost, have no chance of ripening. As a natural result the year's wine will be sour, and sold at a considerable loss to the grower. After steadily climbing for an hour, we reached the mountain-

top and sat down to enjoy the view, having in sight on one side the immense plains stretching from the Jura to the hills of the Côte d'Or; on the other, in very clear weather, the Jura range and the summit of Mont Blanc. Never shall I forget this charming walk with my host, his son and daughter, all three ready to give me any information I was in need of concerning their beloved Franche Comté. As we returned home by another way, through lovely little woods, dells, and glades, we encountered more than one sportsman in blue blouse, who got into the covert of the wood as fast as he could. "A poacher in quest of thrushes," my host said, shrugging his shoulders; "but there are so many, we cannot take them all up." Poaching is carried on so largely that very little game is to be had; the severe penalties inflicted by the law seeming to have no deterrent effect.

My host told me much of interest concerning the peasants and their ways. The land here belongs to the people, but the rural population is not wealthy, as in Seine et Marne and other regions. The bad wine-seasons often ruin the farmer, and much improvidence prevails. In many places the proprietor of a vineyard hires small patches of land to cultivate, but that avidity in making purchases found elsewhere does not exist here. Land is cheap, but labor very dear, and the peasant therefore mistrusts such investments of capital if he possesses any. And the liability to failure in the vine crops necessarily checks enterprise in this direction.

On our return we found an ample *gouter*, as these afternoon collations are called — substitutes, in fact, for our four o'clock tea. We drank each other's health after the old fashion with the celebrated wine of the district called *le vin de paille*, from the process the grape goes through of being dried in straw before fermentation. This *vin de paille* has an exquisite flavor, and is very rare and costly even in these parts, being chiefly grown by amateurs for themselves. It is as clear as crystal and yellow as gold. Sorry indeed was I to quit those kind friends with whom I should gladly have spent many a day. They had so much to tell and to show me — antique furniture, a collection of old French *faïence*, sketches in oils, the work of my host himself, books on the history of Franche-Comté, collections, geological and archæological, bearing on the history of the country; last, but not least, my hostess, admirable type of the well-bred Catholic châtelaine of for-

mer days, was an accomplished musician, ready to delight her visitors with selections from Chopin and Schubert and other favorite composers. I shall carry away no more agreeable recollection of eastern France than this pleasant country home and its occupants in the Jura, father, mother, young son, and daughter all vying with each other in making my visit pleasant and profitable. It is touching to be so welcomed, so taken leave of in the midst of a remote foreign place, all the more so when there was no Protestantism and republicanism, only natural liking and a community of tastes to bring us together! French Protestants welcomed us English folks, presumably Protestant too, as their kindred; but let it not be supposed that even in the heart of a Catholic region like this we are always regarded with abhorrence. Culture, high tastes, and tolerance naturally go hand in hand.

In order to get a good idea of the scenery here the plain must be visited as well as the mountains, and very beautiful it is as seen from such eminences as those occupied by the Châteaux de l'Etoile and Arlay, both excursions to be accomplished in a long afternoon, even with a halt for *gouter* at the former place, its owners being friends of my host and hostess. Their modern château occupies the site of the old, and commands wide views on every side, in the far distance the valley of the Saône and the mountains of the Côte d'Or, with the varied, richly wooded plain at our feet. The Bresse, as this is called, is not healthy for the most part, and the population suffer from marsh fever, but it is well cultivated and very productive. Vines grow sparsely in the plain, the chief crops consisting of corn, maize, beet-root, hemp, etc. A curious feature of farming in the Bresse is the number of artificial ponds which are seen in different directions. These ponds are allowed to remain for four years, and are then filled up, producing very rich crops. The land is parcelled out into small farms, the property of peasant proprietors, as in the vineyard regions of the Jura. After having admired one prospect after another, hill and valley, wood and pine forest, far-off mountain ranges, and wide purple plain, we were, of course, not permitted to go away without tasting the famous wine for which the Etoile is celebrated, and other good things. Useless is it to protest upon these occasions; not only once, but twice and even thrice you are compelled, in spite of remonstrance, to partake; and glasses are touched after the old fashion. We then

quitted our kind host and hostess of this airy perch, and continued our journey, still in the plain, to Arlay, a village dominated by majestic ruins of an old feudal castle standing in the midst of fine trees worthy of an English park. Arlay was built in the ninth century by Gérard de Roussillon, and now belongs to the Prince d'Aremberg, whose handsome modern château lies at its feet. The Prince of Aremberg is one of the largest landowners in France, and, we were told, had not visited this splendid possession for ten years.

Many other no less interesting excursions are to be made from Lons-le-Saunier, but I am a belated traveller, overtaken by autumn rains and chills, and must hasten on my way. September and October are often glorious months in the Jura, but it is safest to come sooner, and then innumerable picnics can be made, and fine weather relied upon from day to day. The town itself is cheerful, but offers little of interest to the tourist beyond the *salines* or salt-works — which, however, are on a much smaller scale than at Salins — and one or two other objects of interest. The arcades in the streets are a curious feature, and, like those at Arbois and some other old towns in Franche-Comté, are relics of the Spanish occupation. There is also an unmistakable Spanish element to be found in the population: witness the black eyes and hair, and dark rich complexion of a type common enough, yet quite distinct from that of the true French stock. The people, as a rule, are well-made, stalwart, and good-looking, polite to strangers, and very voluble in conversation.

If the antiquities of Lons-le-Saunier are insignificant, no one can fail, however, to be struck with the handsome public buildings, chiefly modern, which are on a scale quite magnificent for a town of only eleven thousand inhabitants. The hospital, the *caserne* or barracks, the Lycée, the Ecole Normale, the bank, all these are large enough and magnificent enough, one would suppose, for any but the largest provincial towns; the streets are spacious, and the so-called *Grande Place* in the centre of the town is adorned by a fine statue of General Lecourbe, where formerly stood a statue of Pichegru; this latter was presented by Charles the Tenth to the municipality in 1826, and broken by the townspeople in 1830. The gardens of the hospital are adorned by a bust of the great anatomist Bichat, whose birthplace, like that of Homer, is contested. Bourg-

en-Bresse disputes the honor with Lons-le-Saunier, and Bourg possesses the splendid monument to Bichat's memory by David d'Angers. The museum is worth visiting, less for the sake of its archaeological collection than its sculpture gallery, chiefly consisting of works by a native artist, Perrault.

One of the prettiest streets in the neighborhood of this most *spazierlich* town, as the Germans say, *i.e.* a town to be enjoyed by pedestrians, is the old little village of Montaign, which is reached after half an hour's climb among the vineyards. As we mount we get a magnificent panorama: to our right, the plain of La Bresse, to-day blue and dim as a summer sea; to our left, the Jura range, dark purple shadows here and there flecking the green mountain-sides; the pretty little town of Lons-le-Saunier lying at our feet. On this bright September day everything is glowing and beautiful; the air is brisk and invigorating, and the sun still hot enough to ripen the grapes which we see on every side.

Montaign, however, is not visited for the sake of these lovely prospects so much as its celebrity. This little hamlet and former fortress, perched on a mountain-top, is perhaps hardly changed in outward appearance since a soldier-poet was born there a hundred years ago, destined to revolutionize France with a song. The immortal, inimitable "*Marseillaise*," which electrified every French man, woman, and child then, and stirs the calmest with profound emotion now, is indeed the Revolution incorporated in poetry; and the words and music of the young soldier, Rouget de Lisle, have played a more important part in history than any other song in any age or nation.

It is not to be expected that in a country so priest-ridden as this a statue to Rouget de Lisle should be erected in his native town, but surely an inscription might be placed on the house where he first saw the light. There is nothing to distinguish it from any other except a solid iron gateway, through which we looked into a little courtyard and a modest yet well-to-do *bourgeois* dwelling of the olden time.

The entire village street has an antiquated look, and the red roof tops, with corner pieces for letting off the snow, which falls abundantly here, are picturesque, if not suggestive of comfort. On our way back to the town we found all the beauty and fashion of Lons-le-Saunier collected on the promenade of La Chevalerie to hear the military band, which, as

usual in French towns, plays on Sunday afternoons. This promenade is famous in history, for here it was on May 31, 1815, that Marshal Ney, having decided upon going over to the army of the emperor Napoleon, summoned his troops, and issued the famous proclamation beginning with the words, "*La cause des Bourbons est à jamais perdue.*" There is no lack of pleasant walks inside the town as well as in the environs; whilst perhaps none other of its size possesses so many *cafés* and *cabarets*. In fact, Lons-le-Saunier is a place where amusement is the order of the day, and of course possesses its theatre, museum, and public library, the first perhaps being much more popular than the two latter. Whilst the men amuse themselves in the *cafés*, the women go to the confessional; and no matter at what hour you enter a church, you are sure to find ladies thus occupied. The Jesuits have established a large training-school, or *maison de noviciat* so called, here; and conventual institutions abound, as at Arbois. Just beyond the pleasant garden of the *presbytère* is the large building of the Carmelites, cloistered nuns, belonging to the upper ranks of society, who have shut themselves up to mortify the flesh and practise all kinds of puerilities for the glory of the Church. All the handsome municipal institutions here, hospitals, orphanages, asylums for the aged, etc., are in the hands of the nuns and priests, and woe betide the unfortunate Protestant who is driven to seek such shelter! He will be tortured either into abjuration of his faith, idiocy, or his grave. The same battle occurs here over Protestant interments as in other parts of Franche-Comté. In some cases it is even necessary for the *préfet* to send gendarmes and have the law carried out by force, the village maires being generally uneducated men—mere tools of the curés.

And after the idyllic pictures I have drawn of rural life in Seine et Marne and other parts of France, I am reluctantly obliged to draw a very different picture of society here. The army and the celibate clergy, the soldier and the priest—such are the demoralizing elements that undermine domestic morality and family life in garrison and priest-ridden towns like this. How can it be otherwise, seeing that while the heads of families openly profess unbelief, and deride the priests, they permit their wives and daughters to go to the confessional, and confide their children to the spiritual teachers they profess to abhor? This point was clearly brought out by Père

Hyacinthe in one of his recent discourses, and the words struck home.

I left Lons-le-Saunier early one bright September morning, the children being lifted, still drowsy, out of their little beds to bid their English friend good-bye. Several diligences start simultaneously from the *bureau des messageries* for different places in the heart of the Jura, so that tourists cannot do better than make this a starting-place. No matter which direction they take, they will find themselves landed in the midst of mountain scenery and romantic little towns and valleys wholly unknown to the majority of the travelling world. This is the charm of travelling in the Jura, for the tourist is breaking virgin soil wherever he goes, and if he has to rough it in long stages, at least receives ample reward. My route lay by way of Champagnole and Morez to St. Claude, the little bishopric in the mountains, and from St. Claude to Nantua, thus zigzagging by diligence and carriage right through the heart of the country.

On quitting Lons-le-Saunier for Champagnole, our way led through rich tracts of vineyard, but no sooner are we fairly among the mountains than the vines disappear altogether, and cultivated land and pastures take their place. We also soon perceive the peculiar characteristics of the Jura range, which so essentially distinguish them from the Alps. These mountains do not take abrupt shapes of cones and sugar-loaves, but stretch out in vast sweeps with broad summits, features readily seized and lending to the landscape its most salient points. Not only are we entering the region of lofty mountains and deep valleys, but of numerous industrial centres, and also the land of mediæval and legendary warfare, whence arose the popular saying,—

Comtois, rends-toi,
Nenni, ma foi.

Our journey of four hours takes us through a succession of grandiose and charming prospects and lonely little villages, at which we pick up letters and drop numbers of *Le Petit Journal*, probably all the literature they get. Gorge, crag, lake and ravine, valley, river, and cascade, pine forests crowning sombre ridges, broad hillsides alive with the tinkling of cattle-bells, pastoral scenes separating frowning peaks—all these we have to rejoice the eye, and much more. The beautiful lake of Challin we only see in the distance, though enticing nearer inspection, and all this valley of the Ain might indeed detain

the tourist several days. The river Ain has its source near Champagnole, and flows through a broad beautiful valley southward, but the only way to get an idea of the place is to climb a mountain; maps avail little.

On alighting at the Hôtel Dumont the sight of an elegant landlady in spotless white morning gown was reassuring, and when I was conducted to a bedroom with bells, clean floors, and proper washing apparatus, and other comforts, my heart quite leapt. There is nothing to see at Champagnole but the saw-mills, the "click-click" of which you hear in every town. Saw-making by machinery is the principal industry here, and is worth inspecting. But if the town itself is uninteresting, it offers a variety of delicious walks and drives, and must be a very healthy summer resort, being five hundred yards above the level of the plain. I went a little way on the road to Les Planches, and nothing could be more solemnly beautiful than the black pines pricking against the deep blue sky, and the golden light playing on the ferns and pine stems below, before us vistas of deep gorge and purple mountain chain, on either side the solemn serried lines of the forest. Good pedestrians should follow this road to Les Planches, as splendid a walk as any in the Jura. No less delightful, though in a different key, is the winding walk by the river. The Ain here rushes past with a torrent like thunder, and rolls and tosses over a stony bed, on either side having green slopes and shady ways.

Those travellers, like myself, who are contented with a bit of modest mountaineering, will delight in the three hours' climb of Mount Rivol, a broad pyramidal mountain, eight hundred yards in height, dominating the town and valley. A very beautiful walk is this for fairly good walkers; and though the sun is burning hot the air is sharp and penetrating. I made it in company of several young people, and on our way we found plenty of ripe wild mulberries with which to refresh ourselves, and abundance of the blue-fringed gentian to delight our eyes. So steep are these mountain-sides that it is like scaling a wall, but after an hour and a half we are rewarded by finding ourselves on the top, a broad plateau, covering several acres, richly cultivated, with farm-buildings in the centre. Here we enjoy one of those magnificent panoramas so plentiful in the Jura, and which must be seen to be realized. On one side we have the verdant valley of the Ain, the river flowing gently through green fields and softly dimpled hills; on

another, Andelot, with its handsome bridge, and the lofty rocks bristling round Salins; on the third, the road leading to Pontarlier, amid pine forests and limestone crags; and above this straight before us a sight more majestic still, namely, the vast parallel ranges of the Jura, deepest purple, crested in the far-away distance with a silvery peak, whose name takes our very breath away. We are gazing on Mont Blanc!—a sight as grandiose and inspiring as the distant glimpse of the Pyramids from Cairo. We would fain have lingered long before this glorious picture, but the air was too cold to admit of a halt after our heating walk in the blazing sun. The great drawback to travel in the Jura, indeed, is this terrible fickleness of climate. Even thus early in the autumn you are obliged to make several toilettes a day, putting on winter clothes when you get up, and towards midday exchanging them for the lightest summer attire till sunset, when again you need the warmest clothing. Yet in spite of the bitterness and long duration of these winters, little or no provision seems to be made against the cold. There are no carpets, curtains, generally no fire-places in the bedrooms—all is cold, cool, and bare, as in Egypt; and many of the sleeping-rooms are approached from without. The people seem to enjoy a wonderful vigor of health and robustness of constitution, or they could not resist such hardships as these; and what a Jura winter is makes one shudder to think of. Winter sets in very early here, and there is no spring, properly speaking: five months of fine warm weather have to be set against seven of frost and snow. Snow lies often twelve feet deep on the roads, and journeys are performed by sledges, as in Russia.

I took the diligence from Champagnole to Morez, and it is the only ill-advised thing I did on this journey. The fact is, and intending travellers should note it, that there are only three modes of travelling in these parts: firstly, by hiring a private carriage and telegraphing for relays; secondly, by accomplishing short stages on foot, by far the most agreeable for hardy pedestrians; and, thirdly, to give up the most interesting spots altogether. The diligence must not be taken into account as a means of locomotion at all, for as there is no competition, and French people are much too amiable and indifferent to make complaints, the truth must be told that the so-called *messageries du Jura* are about as badly managed as can possibly be. Unfortunate travellers are not only so cramped that they arrive at their desti-

nation more dead than alive, but even in the *coupe* they see nothing of the country. Thus the glorious bit of country we passed through from Champagnole to Morez was lost on us, simply because the diligence is not so much a public conveyance as an instrument of torture. The so-called *coupe* was so small, narrow, and low that the three unfortunate occupants, a stout gentleman, a nun, and myself, were so closely wedged in as not to be able to stir a limb, whilst the narrow slice of landscape before us was hidden by the broad backs of the driver and two other passengers, all three of whom smoked incessantly. There were several equally unfortunate travellers packed in the body of the carriage, and others outside on the top of the luggage. Cold, heat, cramp, and dejection are the portion of those who trust themselves to the *messageries du Jura*. My sufferings from the heat were alleviated by the nun, who managed to extract some fruit from her basket, and handed me a pear and a peach. I had said so many hard things about nuns upon different occasions that I hesitated; but the fleshly temptation was too strong, and I greedily accepted the drop of water held out in the desert. To my great relief I afterwards found that my companion was not occupied in cooking up theology for the detriment of others, but in the far more innocent task of making soups and sauces. In fact, she was cook to the establishment to which she belonged, and a very excellent, homely soul she seemed. She turned from her pears and peaches to her prayer-book and rosary with equal delectation. It was harrowing to think that during these five hours we were passing through some of the most romantic scenery of the Jura, yet all we could do was to get a glance at the lovely lakes, pine-topped heights, deep gorges, gigantic cliffs towering to the sky, adorable little cascades springing from silvery mountain-sides, gold-green table-lands lying between hoary peaks. Everything delightful was there, could we but see! Meantime we had been climbing ever since we quitted Champagnole, and at one point, marked by a stone, were a thousand yards above the sea-level. The little villages perched on the mountain-tops that we were passing through are all seats of industry, clock-manufactories, *fromageries*, or cheese-farms on a large scale, and so on.

The population depends not upon agriculture but upon industries for support, and many of the wares fabricated in these isolated Jura villages find their way all

over the world. From St. Laurent, where we stopped to change horses, the traveller who is indifferent to cramps, bruises, and contortions, may exchange diligences, and instead of taking the shorter and straighter road to St. Claude, follow the more picturesque route by way of the wonderful little lake of Grandvaux, shut in by mountains and peopled with fish of all kinds, water-hens and other wild birds. We are now in the wildest and most grandiose region of the Jura, as whichever road we take, indeed, is sure to lead us through grand scenery. But much as I had heard of the savage beauty of Grandvaux, further subjection to the torture we were enduring was not to be thought of, so I went straight on to Morez, the road, after the tremendous ascent I have just described, curving quickly downwards, all at once showing us the long straggling little town framed in by lofty mountains on every side.

Next morning was Sunday, and I went in search of the Protestant schoolhouse, where I knew a kind welcome awaited me. I was delighted to find a new handsome building standing conspicuously in a pleasant garden, over the doors engraved in large letters: "*Culte et Ecole Evangelique*." The sound of children's voices told me that some kind of lesson or prayer was going on, so I waited in the garden till the door opened and a dozen neatly-dressed boys and girls poured out. Then I went in, and found the wife of the schoolmaster, and Scripture-reader, a sweet young woman, who in her husband's absence had been holding a Bible-class. She showed me over the place, and an exquisitely clean, quiet little room she had prepared for me; but as I had arrived rather late on the night before, I had taken a room at the hotel which was neither noisy nor uncomfortable. We spent the afternoon together, and as we walked along the beautiful mountain road that superb September Sunday, many interesting things she told me of her husband's labors in their isolated mountain home. Protestantism is indeed here a tender plant exposed to the cold blasts of adverse winds; but if it takes healthy root, well will it be for the social, moral, and intellectual advancement of the people. We must never lose sight of the fact, that putting theology out of the question, Protestantism means morality, hygiene, instruction, above all a high standard of truth and closely-knit family life; and on these grounds, if on no other, all really concerned in the future and well-being of France must wish it God-speed. This is not the place for a comparison be-

tween Protestantism and Catholicism, even as social influences; but one thing I must insist upon, namely, that it is only necessary to live among French Protestants, and compare what we find there with what we find among their Catholic neighbors, to feel how uncompromisingly the first are the promoters of progress and the latter its adversaries.

The position of Morez is heavenly beautiful, but the town itself hideous; nature having put the finishing touch to her choice handiwork, man has here come in to mar and spoil the whole. The mountains clothed with brightest green rise grandly towards the sky; but all along the narrow gorge of the river Bienne in which Morez lies, stand closely compacted masses of many-storeyed manufactories and congeries of dark, unattractive houses. There is hardly a garden, chalet, or villa to redeem this prevailing, crushing ugliness; yet for all that, if you can once get over the profound sadness induced by this strange contrast, nothing can be more delightful and exhilarating than the mountain environment of this little seat of industry. Morez, indeed, is a black pebble set in richest gold. The place abounds in *cafés*, and on this Sunday afternoon, when all the manufactories are closed, the *cafés* were full to overflowing, and on the lovely suburban roads winding about the mountains, we met few working-men with their families enjoying a walk. The *cabaret* absorbs them all. The working-hours here are terribly long; from five o'clock in the morning till seven at night the bulk of the population are at their posts, men, women, and young people — children, I was going to say, but fortunately public opinion is stepping in to prevent the abuse of juvenile labor so prevalent, and good laws on the subject will, it is hoped, ere long be enacted. The wages are low, three or four francs a day being the maximum; and as the cost of living is high here, it is only by the conjoint labors of all the members of a household that it can be kept together. Squalor and unthrif abound, and there are no *cités ouvrières* to make the workman's home what it should be. He is badly housed as well as being badly paid, and no wonder that the *café* and the *cabaret* are seized upon as the only recreations for what leisure he gets. It is quite worth while — for those travellers who ever stay a whole week anywhere — to stay a week here in order to see the curious industries which feed the entire population of the town and the neighboring villages, and are known all

over the commercial world. The chief objects of manufacture are spectacle-glasses, spits, clocks, nails, electro-plate, drawn-wire, shop-plates in iron and enamel, files, and dish-covers; but of these the first three are by far the most important. Several hundred thousand spectacle-glasses and clocks, and sixty thousand spits, are fabricated here yearly, and all these branches of industry afford curious matters for inquiry. Thus, the trade of spectacle-making, or *lunetterie*, resolves itself into a scientific study of noses. It will easily be seen that the manufacturer of spectacles on a grand scale must take into account the physiognomies of the different nations which import his wares. The long-nosed people will require one shaped pair of spectacles, the aquiline-nosed another, the *nez retroussé* a third; and accordingly we find that spectacles nicely adjusted to such peculiarities are fabricated, one kind supplying the American, a second the Spanish, a third the English market, and so on. So wonderful is the process that a pair of spectacles can be made for three halfpence! The clocks made by machinery at Morez are chiefly of the cheap kind, but wear well, and are to be found in almost every cottage in France. The prices vary from ten to twenty francs, and are thus within reach of the poorest. A more expensive kind are found in churches, *mairies*, schools, railway stations, manufactories, and not only in France, but in remote quarters of the world. Spain largely imports the elegant inexpensive clocks fabricated in the heart of the Jura, and they eventually find their way to China. Each separate part has its separate workshop, and the whole is a marvellous exhibition of dexterity, quickness, and apt division of labor. A large manufactory of electrotype plate, modelled on that of England, notably the Elkington ware, has been founded here within recent years, and is very flourishing, exporting on a vast scale to remote countries. There is also a manufactory of electric clocks of recent date.

All day long, therefore, the solemn silence of these mountains is broken by the noise of mill-wheels and rushing waters; and if it is the manufactories that feed the people, it is the rivers that feed the manufactories. The Jura, indeed, may be said to depend on its running streams and rivers for its wealth, each and all a Pactolus in its way, flowing over sands of gold. Nowhere has water-power been turned to better account than at Morez: here turning a wheel, there flowing into the

channels prepared for it, on every side dispensing riches and civilization.

Delightful and refreshing it is to get beyond reach of these never-resting mill-wheels, and listen to the mountain torrent and the rushing stream in their home, where they are at liberty and untamed. Innumerable delicious haunts are to be found in the neighborhood of Morez; also exhilarating panoramas of the Jura and Switzerland from the mountain-tops. There is nothing to be called agriculture, for in our gradual ascent we have alternately left behind us the vine, corn, maize, walnut and other fruit trees, reaching the zone of the gentian, the box-tree, the larch, and the pine. These apparently arid limestone slopes and summits, however, have velvety patches here and there, and such scattered pastures are a source of wealth that appears almost incredible. The famous Jura cheese, *Gruyère* so called, is made in the isolated chalets, perched on the crest of a ravine or nestled in the heart of a valley, which for the seven winter months are abandoned, and throughout the other five swarm like beehives with industrious workers. As soon as the snow melts, the peasants return to their mountain homes; but in winter all is silent, solitary, and enveloped in an impenetrable veil of snow. The very high roads are imperceptible then, and the village sacristans ring the church bells at nightfall in order to guide the belated traveller to his home.

My friend the schoolmaster's wife found me agreeable travelling-companions for the three hours' drive to St. Claude, which we made in a private carriage in order to see the country. Very nice people they were — Catholics, belonging to the *petite bourgeoisie* — and much useful information they gave me about things and people in their native province. The weather is perfect, with a warm south wind, a bright blue sky, and feathery clouds subduing the dazzling heavens. We get a good notion of the Jura in its sterner and more arid aspect during this zigzag drive, first mounting, then descending. Far away, the brown bare mountain ridges rise against the soft heavens, whilst just below we see steep wooded crags dipping into a gorge where the little river Bienne curls on its impetuous way. There are no less than three parallel roads, at different levels, from Morez to St. Claude, and curious it was from our airy height — we had chosen the highest — to survey the others; the one cut along the mountain flank midway, the other winding, deep down close to the river-side.

These splendid roads are kept in order by the communes, which are often rich in this department, possessing large tracts of forest. I never anywhere saw roads so magnificently kept, and of course this adds greatly to the comfort of travellers.

After climbing for an hour we suddenly begin to descend, our road sweeping round the mountain-sides with tremendous curves, for about two hours or more, when all on a sudden we seem to swoop down upon St. Claude, the little bishopric in the heart of the mountains. The effect was magical. We appeared to have been plunged from the top of the world to the bottom. In fact, you go up and down such tremendous heights in the Jura, that it must be much like travelling in a balloon.

I was prepared to be fascinated with St. Claude, to find it wholly unique, romantic, and bewitching; to make its acquaintance with enthusiasm, to bid it adieu with regret. Charles Nodier has described it so glowingly; alike its site, history, and natural features are so poetic and curious, such a flavor of antiquity clings to it, that perhaps no other town throughout the Jura is approached in an equal mood of expectation. Nor can any preconceived notion of the attractiveness of St. Claude, however high, be disappointed; that is to say, if visited in fine summer weather. It is really a marvellous place, and takes the strongest hold on the imagination. This ancient little city, so superbly encased by some of the loftiest peaks of the Jura, is as proud as it is unique, depending on its own resources, and not putting on a single smile to attract the stranger. Were a magician to sweep away humming wheels, hammering millstones, and gloomy warehouses, putting smiling pleasure-gardens and coquettish villas in their place, St. Claude might become as fashionable a resort as the most favorite Swiss or Italian haunts. But it does not lay itself out to please the stranger. The town is built in the only way building was possible, up and down, on the edge of the cliffs here, in the depths of a hollow here, zigzag, anyhow. Lofty mountains hem it round, and the rivers run in their deep beds alongside the irregular streets, a superb suspension bridge spanning the valley of the Tacon, a depth of fifty yards. Farther on, a handsome viaduct spans the valley of La Biemme, and on either side of bridge and viaduct stretch clusters of houses, some sloping one way, some another, always with picturesque effect. To find your way in these labyrinthine streets, alleys, and terraces is no easy matter, whilst at every

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turn you come upon the sound of wheels betokening some manufactory of the well-known, widely imported *articles de St. Claude*, consisting chiefly of pipes, turnery, carved and inlaid toys and fancy articles in wood, bone, ivory, stag's horn, etc. Hanging gardens are seen wherever a bit of soil is to be had, whilst the town also possesses a fine avenue of old trees turned into a public promenade. St. Claude is really wonderful, and the more you see of it the more you are fascinated by it. Though far from possessing the variety of artistic fountains of Salins, several here are very pretty and ornamental, notably one surrounded with the most captivating little loves in bronze, riding dolphins. The sight and sound of rippling water everywhere is delicious. Rivers and fountains, fountains and rivers, are everywhere, whilst the summer-like heat of midday makes both all the more refreshing. St. Claude has everything: the frowning mountain crests of Salins, the pine-clad fastnesses of Champagnole, the romantic mountain walls of Morez; sublimity, grace, picturesqueness, and grandeur, all are here, and all at this season of the year embellished by the crimson and amber tints of autumn. What lovely things did I see during a walk of an hour and a half to the so-called Pont du Diable! Taking one winding mountain road of many, and following the winding deep green river, though my path lay high above it, I came to a scene as wild, beautiful, and solitary as the mind can picture; above were bare grey cliffs, lower down fairy-like little lawns of brightest green, thundering below the river, making a dozen cascades over its stony bed, and all about me the glorious autumn foliage, under a cloudless sky. All the way I had heard the sound of mill-wheels mingled with the roar of the impetuous river, and I passed I know not how many manufactories, most of which lie so deep down in the heart of the gorges that they do not spoil the scenery. The ugly blot is hidden, or at least inconspicuous. As I turn back, I have on one side a vast velvety expanse sloping from mountain to river, terrace upon terrace of golden green, where a dozen little girls are keeping their kine; on the other, steep limestone precipices, a tangle of brushwood with only here and there a bit of scant pasturage. The air is transparent and reviving — a south wind caresses me as I go. Nothing can be more heavenly beautiful. The blue gentian grows everywhere, and as I pursue my way the peasant folk I meet with pause to say good-day and stare. They

evidently find in me an outlandish look, and are quite unaccustomed to the sight of strangers.

I had pleasant acquaintances provided for me here by my friend the schoolmaster's wife from Morez, and an agreeable glimpse I thus obtained of French middle-class life, Catholic life moreover, but free alike from bigotry and intolerance. Very light-hearted, lively, and well informed were those companions of my walk at St. Claude, among them a *greffier du juge du paix*, his young wife, sister, and another relative, who delighted in showing me everything. We set off one lovely afternoon for what turned out to be a four hours' walk, but not a moment too long, seeing the splendor of weather and scenery, and the amiability of my companions. We took a road that leads from the back of the cathedral by the valley of the Tacon, a little river that has its rise in the mountains near, and falls into the Flumen close by. It is necessary to take this walk to the falls of the Flumen in order to realize fully the wonderful site of St. Claude and the amazing variety of the surrounding scenery. Every turn we take of the upward curling road gives us a new and more beautiful picture; the valley grows deeper and deeper, the mountains on either side higher and higher, little châteaux peeping amidst the grey and the green, here perched on an apparently unapproachable mountain-top, there in the midst of some rocky dell. As we get near the falls we are reaching one of the most romantic points of view in all the Jura, and one of the most striking I have ever seen, so imposingly do the mountains close around us as we enter the gorge, so lovely the scene shut in by the impenetrable natural wall; for within this framework of rock, peak, and precipice are little farms, gardens and orchards, gems of dazzling green, to-day bathed in ripest sunshine, pine forests frowning close above these islets of luxuriance and cultivation, dells, glades, and lawny open spaces between a rampart of fantastically formed crags and solitary peaks, a scene reminding one of Kabylia, but unlike anything but itself.

As we climb, we are overtaken by two carts of timber, the drivers of which, peasant folks from the mountains, are old acquaintances of my companions. It is suggested that the ladies should mount. We gladly do so, to the great satisfaction of the peasants, who on no account would themselves add to their horses' burdens. It would be an affront to offer these good people anything in return for this piece of

kindness; they were delighted to chat behind with monsieur, whilst their horses, sure-footed as mules, made their way beside the deep precipice. They had shrewd, benevolent faces, and were admirable types of the Jura mountaineer. Having passed through a tunnel cut in the rock, we soon reached the head of the valley, the end of the world as it seems, so high, massive, and deep is the formidable mountain wall hemming it in, from whose sides the little river Tacon takes a tremendous leap into the green valley below; making, not one leap, but a dozen, the several cascades uniting in a stream that meanders towards St. Claude. High above the falls, appearing to hang on a perpendicular chain of rock, is a cluster of saw-mills. It is not more the variety of form in this scene here than the variety of color and tone that makes it so wonderful. Everywhere the eye rests on some different outline, color, and combination.

Would that space permitted of a detailed account here of all else that I saw in this ancient little bishopric in the mountains! St. Claude, indeed, deserves a chapter to itself. There is its history to begin with, which dates from the earliest Christian epoch in France; then its industries, each so curious in details; lastly, the marvellous natural features of its position. A wholly unique little city is this, compared by Lamartine to Zarcle, in the forest of Lebanon, and described by other Franc-Comtois writers in equally glowing terms. The famous Abbey of St. Claude was visited by Louis XI. in order to fulfil a vow, the purport of which is still mysterious to historians. This was under the régime of the eighty-sixth abbot; but after a period of almost unequalled glory and magnificence, fire, pillage, and other misfortunes fell upon it from time to time till the suppression of the abbey in 1798.

I went into the cathedral with two charming young married ladies, whose acquaintance I had made during my stay, and leaving them devoutly on their knees, inspected the beautiful and quaint wood-carvings of the stalls, Renaissance *chef-d'œuvre* by one Pierre de Vitry, so-called from his native town in Champagne, friend of Holbein, whom it is said he enticed here in order to paint the altarpiece hanging near. These two works of art, each a gem in its way, are deserving of a detailed account, and are all that remain of artistic interest of the once puissant Abbey of St. Claude. Having completed a leisurely inspection, I modestly took a chair behind my companions for fear of disturbing their

devotions. I found, however, that these were over long ago, and that though in a devout position, they were discussing fashion and gossip as a matter of course.

My friends entrusted me to the care of an intelligent workman, in order to see the manufactories of the so-called *articles de St. Claude* — the pipes, carved and turned in wood, tops, spectacle-cases, snuff-boxes, napkin-rings, and other toys and trifles; also carved objects in bone, ivory, stag's horn, all of which are largely sold in Paris and England. The wood used in the manufacture of pipes comes from the south of France and the Pyrenees, and is called *bruyère*; in reality it is the root of a kind of heather. Box-wood, which is very plentiful in the Jura, is used in turnery for toys, also the manufacture of measures, large numbers of which are sold in England. The pipe-trade is not in a flourishing condition, and so low is the pay of skilled labor that the best workmen are beginning to leave for Paris. We visited a young artist — for so I must call him — who, like most of these wood-carvers, works by the piece at home, and he gave us a gloomy picture of labor at St. Claude. He was carving pipes with marvellous taste and dexterity at the rate of five francs a day; and in order to earn these five francs, he was obliged to carve two dozen pipes, two francs and a half being paid per dozen. The work men and women employed in the factories are there from five in the morning till eight at night, with two hours' interval for meals, and three francs per day is the average pay, whilst the cost of living is high. No wonder that the skilled unmarried men go to Paris, and that the trade at St. Claude declines from year to year.

I reluctantly took leave of my kind acquaintances, and went to Nantua by the diligence, this time faring better. The five hours' drive thither by way of the valley of La Bienne is lovely, and beautiful indeed was the twilight approach to Nantua; crimson glories of sunset flaming in the west, and reflected in the limpid waters of the lake, whilst a pearly moon rose slowly above the purple mountains set round about.

Nantua is charming — would I had space to describe it! — especially as seen from its interesting little church. It lies on the verge of a mountain gorge, black with pines, affording a contrast to the lightness, transparency, and smilingness of its lovely little lake opening beyond.

A wonderful bit of railway — veritable Alpine ascent by means of the steam-

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engine — connects Nantua with Bourg-en-Bresse; and having stayed there long enough to see the beautiful mausoleums of the church of Brou, I sped by night mail express to Paris, able to indulge in the satisfactory feeling that I had exactly followed out the programme with which I had set out, and a more pleasurable assurance still, namely, that every stage of my journey was marked by delightful acquaintances and friendships, binding me closer still to *la belle France* and her glorious republic! M. B. E.

SIR GIBBIE.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD,
AUTHOR OF "MALCOLM," "THE MARQUIS OF LOSSIE,"
ETC.

CHAPTER IX.

THE LORRIE MEADOW.

IT was high time, according to agricultural economics, that Donal Grant should be promoted a step in the ranks of labor. A youth like him was fit for horses and their work, and looked idle in a field with cattle. But Donal was not ambitious, at least in that direction. He was more and more in love with books, and learning, and the music of thought and word; and he knew well that no one doing a man's work upon a farm could have much time left for study — certainly not a quarter of what the herd-boy could command. Therefore, with his parents' approval, he continued to fill the humbler office, and receive the scantier wages belonging to it.

The day following their adventure on Glashgar, in the afternoon, Nicie being in the grounds with her little mistress, proposed that they should look whether they could see her brother down in the meadow of which her mother had spoken. Ginevra willingly agreed, and they took their way through the shrubbery to a certain tall hedge which divided the grounds from a little grove of larches on the slope of a steep bank descending to the Lorrie, on the other side of which lay the meadow. It was a hawthorn hedge, very old, and near the ground very thin, so that they easily found a place to creep through. But they were no better on the other side, for the larches hid the meadow. They went down through them, therefore, to the bank of the little river — the largest tributary of the Daur from the roots of Glashgar.

"There he is!" cried Nicie.

"I see him!" responded Ginny, "— with his cows all about the meadow."

Donal sat a little way from the river, reading.

"He's aye at 's buik!" said Nicie.

"I wonder what book it is," said Ginny.

"That wad be ill to say," answered Nicie.

"Donal reads a hantle o' buiks — mair, his mither says, nor she doobts he can weel get the guid o'."

"Do you think it's Latin, Nicie?"

"Ow! I daursay. But no; it canna be Laitin — for, leuk! he's lauchin', an' he cudna dee that gien 'twar Laitin. I'm thinkin' it'll be a story: there's a heap o' them prentit noo, they tell me. Or 'deed maybe it may be a sang. He thinks a heap o' sangs. I h'ard my mither ance say she was some feared Donal micht hae ta'en to makin' sangs himsel'; no' at there was ony ill i' that, she said, gien there wasna ony ill i' the sangs themselfs; but it was jist some trimin' like, she said, an' they luikit for better frae Donal, wi' a' his buik lear, an' his Euclid — or what ca' they't? — nor makin' sangs."

"What's Euclid, Nicie?"

"Ye may weel speir, missie! but I hae ill tellin' ye. It's a keerious name till a buik, an' min's me o' naething but whan the lid o' yer e'e yeuks (*itches*); an' as to what lies atween the twa brods o' 't, I ken no more nor the man i' the meen."

"I should like to ask Donal what book he has got," said Ginny.

"I'll cry till 'im, an' ye can speir," said Nicie. "— Donal! — Donal!"

Donal looked up, and seeing his sister, came running to the bank of the stream.

"Canna ye come ower, Donal?" said Nicie. "Here's Miss Galbraith wants to speir ye a question."

Donal was across in a moment, for here the water was nowhere over a foot or two in depth.

"Oh, Donal! you've wet your feet!" cried Ginevra.

Donal laughed.

"What ill 'ill that dee me, mem?"

"None, I hope," said Ginny; "but it might, you know."

"I micht hae been droont," said Donal.

"Nicie," said Ginny, with dignity, "your brother is laughing at me."

"Na, na, mem," said Donal apologetically. "I was only so glaid to see you an' Nicie 'at I forgot my mainners."

"Then," returned Ginny, quite satisfied, "would you mind telling me what book you were reading?"

"It's a buik o' ballants," answered Don-

al. "I'll read ane o' them till ye, gien ye like, mem."

"I should like very much," responded Ginny. "I've read all my own books till I'm tired of them, and I don't like papa's books. — And, do you know, Donal!" — Here the child-woman's voice grew solemn sad — "— I'm very sorry, and I'm frightened to say it; and if you weren't Nicie's brother, I couldn't say it to you; — but I am very tired of the Bible too."

"That's a peety, mem," replied Donal. "I wad hae ye no tell onybody that; for them 'at likes 't no a hair better themsel's, 'ill tak ye for waur nor a haithen for sayin' 't. Jist gang ye up to my mither, an' tell her a' about it. She's aye fair to a' body, an' never thinks ill o' onybody 'at says the troth — whan it's no for contrairiness. She says 'at a heap o' ill comes o' fowk no speykin' oot what they ken, or what they're thinkin', but aye guissin at what they dinna ken, an' what ither fowk's thinkin'."

"Ay!" said Nicie, "it wad be a gey cheenged warl' gien fowk gaed to my mither, an' did as she wad hae them. She says fowk sud never tell but the ill they ken o' themsel's, an' the guid they ken o' ither fowk; an' thut's jist the contrar', ye ken, missie, to what fowk maistly dis dee."

A pause naturally followed, which Ginny broke.

"I don't think you told me the *name* of the book you were reading, Donal," she said.

"Gien ye wad sit doon a meenute, mem," returned Donal, "— here's a bonnie gowany spot — I wad read a bit till ye, an' see gien ye likit it, afore I tellt ye the name o' it."

She dropped at once on the little gowany bed, gathered her frock about her ancles, and said,

"Sit down, Nicie. It's so kind of Donal to read something to us! I wonder what it's going to be."

She uttered everything in a deliberate, old-fashioned way, with precise articulation, and a certain manner that an English mother would have called priggish, but which was only the outcome of Scotch stiffness, her father's rebukes, and her own sense of propriety.

Donal read the ballad of *Kemp Owen*.

"I think — I think — I don't think I understand it," said Ginevra. "It is very dreadful, and — and — I don't know what to think. Tell me about it, Donal. — Do you know what it means, Nicie?"

"No ae glimp, missie," answered Nicie.

Donal proceeded at once to an exposition. He told them that the serpent was

a lady, enchanted by a wicked witch, who, after she had changed her, twisted her three times round the tree, so that she could not undo herself, and laid the spell upon her that she should never have the shape of a woman, until a knight kissed her as often as she was twisted round the tree. Then, when the knight did come, at every kiss a coil of her body unwound itself, until, at the last kiss, she stood before him the beautiful lady she really was.

"What a good, kind, brave knight!" said Ginevra.

"But it's no true, ye ken, missie," said Nicie, anxious that she should not be misled. "It's naething but Donal's nonsense."

"Nonsense here, nonsense there!" said Donal, "I see a heap o' sense intil 't. But nonsense or no, Nicie, it's nane o' my nonsense: I wuss it war. It's hunners o' years auld, that ballant, I s' warran'."

"It's *beautiful*," said Ginevra, with decision and dignity. "I hope he married the lady, and they lived happy ever after."

"I dinna ken, mem. The man 'at made the ballant, I daursay, thought him weel peyed gien the bonny ledly said *thank ye* till him."

"Oh, but, Donal, that wouldn't be enough! — Would it, Nicie?"

"Weel, ye see, missie," answered Nicie, "he but gae her three kisses — that wasna sae muckle to waur (*lay out*) upon a body."

"But a serpent! — a serpent's mouth, Nicie!"

Here, unhappily, Donal had to rush through the burn without leave-taking, for Hornie was attempting a trespass; and the two girls, thinking it was time to go home, rose, and climbed to the house at their leisure.

The rest of the day Ginevra talked of little else than the serpent lady and the brave knight, saying now and then what a nice boy that Donal of Nicie's was. Nor was more than the gentlest hint necessary to make Nicie remark, the next morning, that perhaps, if they went down again to the Lorrie, Donal might come, and bring the book. But when they reached the bank and looked across, they saw him occupied with Gibbie. They had their heads close together over a slate, upon which now the one, now the other, seemed to be drawing. This went on and on, and they never looked up. Ginny would have gone home, and come again in the afternoon, but Nicie instantly called Donal. He sprang to his feet and came to them, followed by Gibbie. Donal crossed the burn, but Gibbie remained on the other side, and

when presently Donal took his "bulk o' ballants" from his pocket, and the little company seated themselves, stood with his back to them, and his eyes on the *newt*. That morning they were not interrupted.

Donal read to them for a whole hour, concerning which reading and Ginevra's reception of it, Nicie declared she could not see what for they made sic a wark about a wheen auld ballants ane efter anither. — "They're no half sae bonnie as the paraphrases, Donal," she said.

After this, Ginevra went frequently with Nicie to see her mother, and learned much of the best from her. Often also they went down to the Lorrie, and had an interview with Donal, which was longer or shorter as Gibbie was there or not to release him.

Ginny's life was now far happier than it had ever been. New channels of thought and feeling were opened, new questions were started, new interests awaked; so that, instead of losing by Miss Machar's continued inability to teach her, she was learning far more than she could give her, learning it too with the pleasure which invariably accompanies true learning.

Little more than child as she was, Donal felt from the first the charm of her society; and she by no means received without giving, for his mental development was greatly expedited thereby. Few weeks passed before he was her humble squire, devoted to her with all the chivalry of a youth for a girl whom he supposes as much his superior in kind as she is in worldly position; his sole advantage, in his own judgment, and that which alone procured him the privilege of her society, being, that he was older, and therefore knew a little more. So potent and genial was her influence on his imagination, that, without once thinking of her as their object, he now first found himself capable of making verses — such as they were; and one day, with his book before him — it was Burns, and he had been reading the Gowan poem to Ginevra and his sister — he ventured to repeat, as if he read them from the book, the following: they halted a little, no doubt, in rhythm, neither were perfectly rimed, but for a beginning, they had promise. Gibbie, who had thrown himself down on the other bank, and lay listening, at once detected the change in the tone of his utterance, and before he ceased had concluded that he was not reading them, and that they were his own.

Rin, burnie! clatter;
To the sea win:

Gien I was a watter,
Sae wad I rin.

Blaw, win', caller, clean!
Here an' hyne awa':
Gien I was a win',
Wadna I blaw!

Shine, auld sun,
Shine strang an' fine:
Gien I was the sun's son,
Herty I wad shine.

Hardly had he ended, when Gibbie's pipes began from the opposite side of the water, and, true to time and cadence and feeling, followed with just the one air to suit the song — from which Donal, to his no small comfort, understood that one at least of his audience had *received* his lilt. If the poorest nature in the world responds with the tune to the mightiest master's song, he knows, if not another echo should come back, that he has uttered a true cry. But Ginevra had not received it, and being therefore of her own mind, and not of the song's, was critical. It is of the true things we do not, perhaps cannot receive, that human nature is most critical.

"That one is nonsense, Donal," she said. "Isn't it now? How could a man be a burn, or a wind, or the sun? But poets *are* silly. Papa says so."

In his mind Donal did not know which way to look; physically, he regarded the ground. Happily at that very moment Hornie caused a diversion, and Gibbie understood what Donal was feeling too well to make even a pretence of going after her. I must, to his praise, record the fact that, instead of wreaking his mortification upon the cow, Donal spared her several blows out of gratitude for the deliverance her misbehavior had wrought him. He was in no haste to return to his audience. To have his first poem *thus* rejected was killing. She was but a child who had so unkindly criticised it, but she was the child he wanted to please; and for a few moments life itself seemed scarcely worth having. He called himself a fool, and resolved never to read another poem to a girl so long as he lived. By the time he had again walked through the burn, however, he was calm and comparatively wise, and knew what to say.

"Div ye hear yon burn efter ye gang to yer bed, mem?" he asked Ginevra, as he climbed the bank, pointing a little lower down the stream to the mountain brook, which there joined it.

"Always," she answered. "It runs right under my window."

"What kin o' a' din dis't mak'?" he asked again.

"It is different at different times," she answered. "It sings and chatters in summer, and growls and cries and grumbles in winter, or after rain up in Glashgar."

"Div ye think the burn's ony happier i' the summer, mem?"

"No, Donal; the burn has no life in it, and therefore can't be happier one time than another."

"Weel, mem, I wad jist like to speir what waur it is to fancy yersel' a burn, than to fancy the burn a body, ae time singin' an' chatterin', an' the neist growlin' an' grum'lin'."

"Well, but, Donal, *can* a man be a burn?"

"Weel, mem, *no* — at least no i' this warl', an' 'at his ain wull. But whan ye're lyin' hearkenin' to the burn, did ye never imagine yersel' rinnin' doon wi' 't — doon to the sea?"

"No, Donal; I always fancy myself going up the mountain where it comes from, and running about wild there in the wind, when all the time I know I'm safe and warm in bed."

"Weel, maybe that's better yet — I wadna say," answered Donal; "but jist the nicht for a cheenge like, ye turn an' gang doon wi' 't — i' yer thoughts, I mean. Lie an' hearken he'rty till 't the nicht, whan ye're i' yer bed; hearken an' hearken till the soon' rins awa' wi' ye like, an' ye forget a' aboot yersel', an' think yersel' awa' wi' the burn, rinnin', rinnin', throu' this an' throu' that, throu' stanes an' birks an' bracken, throu' heather, an' wooed lan' an' corn, an' wuds and gairdens, aye singin', an' aye cheengin' yer tune accordin', till it wins to the muckle roarin' sea, en' 's a' tint. An' the first nicht 'at the win' 's up an' awa, dee the same, mem, wi' the win'. Get up upo' the back o' 't, like, as gien it was yer muckle horse, an' jist ride him to the deith; an' efter that, gien ye dinna maybe jist wuss 'at ye was a burn or a blawin' win' — either wad be a sair loss to the universe — ye wunna, I'm thinkin', be sae ready to fin' fau't wi' the chield 'at made yon bit songy."

"Are you vexed with me, Donal? — I'm so sorry!" said Ginevra, taking the earnestness of his tone for displeasure.

"Na, na, mem. Ye're ower guid an' ower bonny," answered Donal, "to be a vex to onybody; but it *wad* be a vex to hear sic a cratur as you speykin' like ane o' the fules o' the wardle, 'at believe i' naething but what comes in 'at the holes i' their heid."

Ginevra was silent. She could not quite understand Donal, but she felt she must be wrong somehow; and of this she was the more convinced when she saw the beautiful eyes of Gibbie fixed in admiration, and brimful of love, upon Donal.

The way Donal kept his vow never to read another poem of his own to a girl, was to proceed that very night to make another for the express purpose, as he lay awake in the darkness.

The last one he ever read to her in that meadow was this:

What gars ye sing, said the herd laddie,

What gars ye sing sae lood?

To tice them oot o' the yerd, laddie,

The worms, for my daily food.

An' aye he sang, an' better he sang,

An' the worms creepit in an' oot;

An' ane he tuik, an' twa he loot gang,

But still he carolled stoot.

It's no for the worms, sir, said the herd,

They comena for yer sang.

Think ye sae, sir? answered the bird,

Maybe ye're no i' the wrang.

But aye &c.

Sing ye yoong sorrow to beguile,

Or to gie auld fear the flegs?

Na, quo' the mavis; it's but to wile

My wee things oot o' her eggs.

An' aye &c.

The mistress is plenty for that same gear,

Though ye sangna ear' nor late,

It's to draw the deid frae the moul' sae drear,

An' open the kirkyard gate.

An' aye &c.

Na, na; it's a better sang nor yer ain,

Though ye hae o' notes a feck,

At wad mak auld Barebanes there sae fain

As to lift the muckle sneck!

But aye &c.

Better ye sing nor a burn i' the mune,

Nor a wave ower san' that flows,

Nor a win' wi' the gliintin' stars abune,

An' aneth the roses in row;

An' aye &c.

But I'll speir ye nae mair, sir, said the herd,

I fear what ye micht say neist.

Ye wad but won'er the mair, said the bird,

To see the thoughts i' my breist.

An' aye he sang, an' better he sang,

An' the worms creepit in an' oot;

An' ane he tuik, an' twa he loot gang,

But still he carolled stoot.

I doubt whether Ginevra understood this song better then the first, but she was now more careful of criticising; and when by degrees it dawned upon her that he

was the maker of these and other verses he read, she grew half afraid of Donal, and began to regard him with big eyes: he became, from a herd-boy, an unintelligible person, therefore a wonder. For, brought thus face to face with the maker of verses, she could not help trying to think how he did the thing; and as she felt no possibility of making verses herself, it remained a mystery and an astonishment, causing a great respect for Donal to mingle with the kindness she felt towards Nicie's brother.

CHAPTER X. THEIR REWARD.

By degrees Gibbie had come to be well known about the Mains and Glashrauch. Angus's only recognition of him was a scowl in return for his smile; but, as I have said, he gave him no farther annoyance, and the tales about the beast-loon were dying out from Daurside. Jean Mavor was a special friend to him, for she knew now well enough who had been her brownie, and made him welcome as often as he showed himself with Donal. Fergus was sometimes at home; sometimes away; but he was now quite a fine gentleman, a student of theology, and only condescendingly cognizant of the existence of Donal Grant. All he said to him when he came home a master of arts, was, that he had expected better of him: he ought to be something more than herd by this time. Donal smiled and said nothing. He had just finished a little song that pleased him, and could afford to be patronized. I am afraid, however, he was not contented with that, but in his mind's eye measured Fergus from top to toe.

In the autumn, Mr. Galbraith returned to Glashruach, but did not remain long. His schemes were promising well, and his self-importance was screwed yet a little higher in consequence. But he was kinder than usual to Ginevra. Before he went he said to her that, as Mr. Machar had sunk into a condition requiring his daughter's constant attention, he would find her an English governess as soon as he reached London; meantime she must keep up her studies by herself as well as she could. Probably he forgot all about it, for the governess was not heard of at Glashruach, and things fell into their old way. There was no spiritual traffic between the father and daughter, consequently Ginevra never said anything about Donal or Gibbie, or her friendship for Nicie. He had himself to blame altogether; he had made it im-

possible for her to talk to him. But it was well he remained in ignorance, and so did not put a stop to the best education she could at this time of her life have been having — such as neither he nor any friend of his could have given her.

It was interrupted, however, by the arrival of the winter — a wild time in that region, fierce storm alternating with the calm of death. After howling nights, in which it seemed as if all the *poltergeister* of the universe must be out on a disembodied lark, the mountains stood there in the morning solemn still, each with his white turban of snow unrumpled on his head, in the profoundest silence of blue air, as if he had never in his life passed a more thoughtful, peaceful time than the very last night of all. To such feet as Ginevra's the cottage on Glashgar was for months almost as inaccessible as if it had been in Sirius. More than once the Daur was frozen thick; for weeks every beast was an absolute prisoner to the byre, and for months was fed with straw and turnips and potatoes and oilcake. Then was the time for stories; and often in the long dark, while yet it was hours too early for bed, would Ginevra go with Nicie, who was not much of a *raconteuse*, to the kitchen, to get one of the other servants to tell her an old tale. For even in his own daughter and his own kitchen, the great laird could not extinguish the accursed superstition. Not a glimpse did Ginevra get all this time of Donal or of Gibbie.

At last, like one of its own flowers in its own bosom, the spring began again to wake in God's thought of his world; and the snow, like all other deaths, had to melt and run, leaving room for hope; then the summer woke smiling, as if she knew she had been asleep; and the two youths and the two maidens met yet again on Lorrie bank, with the brown water falling over the stones, the gold nuggets of the broom hanging over the water, and the young larch-wood scenting the air all up the brae side between them and the house, which the tall hedge hid from their view. The four were a year older, a year nearer trouble, and a year nearer getting out of it. Ginevra was more of a woman, Donal more of a poet, Nicie as nice and much the same, and Gibbie, if possible, more a foundling of the universe than ever. He was growing steadily, and showed such freedom and ease, and his motions were all so rapid and direct, that it was plain at a glance the beauty of his countenance was in no manner or measure associated with weakness. The mountain was a

grand nursery for him, and the result, both physical and spiritual, corresponded. Janet, who, better than any one else, knew what was in the mind of the boy, revered him as much as he revered her; the first impression he made upon her had never worn off—had only changed its color a little. More even than a knowledge of the truth, is a readiness to receive it; and Janet saw from the first that Gibbie's ignorance at its worst was but room vacant for the truth: when it came it found bolt nor bar on door or window, but had immediate entrance. The secret of this power of reception was, that to see a truth and to do it was one and the same thing with Gibbie. To know and not do would have seemed to him an impossibility, as it is in vital idea a monstrosity.

This unity of vision and action was the main cause also of a certain daring simplicity in the exercise of the imagination, which so far from misleading him reacted only in obedience—which is the truth of the will—the truth, therefore, of the whole being. He did not do the less well for his sheep, that he fancied they knew when Jesus Christ was on the mountain, and always at such times both fed better and were more frolicsome. He thought Oscar knew it also, and interpreted a certain look of the dog by the supposition that he had caught a sign of the bodily presence of his maker. The direction in which his imagination ran forward, was always that in which his reason pointed; and so long as Gibbie's fancies were bud-blooms upon his obedience, his imagination could not be otherwise than in harmony with his reason. Imagination is a poor root, but a worthy blossom, and in a nature like Gibbie's its flowers cannot fail to be lovely. For no outcome of a man's nature is so like himself as his imagination, except it be his fancies, indeed. Perhaps his imaginations show what he is meant to be, his fancies what he is making of himself.

In the summer, Mr. Galbraith, all unannounced, reappeared at Glashruach, but so changed that, startled at the sight of him, Ginevra stopped midway in her advance to greet him. The long thin man was now haggard and worn; he looked sourer too, and more suspicious—either that experience had made him so, or that he was less equal to the veiling of his feelings in dignified indifference. He was annoyed that his daughter should recognize an alteration in him, and turning away, leaned his head on the hand whose arm was already supported by the mantelpiece, and took no further notice of her presence; but per-

haps conscience also had something to do with this behavior. Ginevra knew from experience that the sight of tears would enrage him, and with all her might repressed those she felt beginning to rise. She went up to him timidly, and took the hand that hung by his side. He did not repel her—that is, he did not push her away, or even withdraw his hand, but he left it hanging lifeless, and returned with it no pressure upon hers—which was much worse.

"Is anything the matter, papa?" she asked with trembling voice.

"I am not aware that I have been in the habit of communicating with you on the subject of my affairs," he answered; "nor am I likely to begin to do so, where my return after so long an absence seems to give so little satisfaction."

"Oh, papa! I was frightened to see you looking so ill."

"Such a remark upon my personal appearance is but a poor recognition of my labors for your benefit, I venture to think, Jenny," he said.

He was at the moment contemplating, as a necessity, the sale of every foot of the property her mother had brought him. Nothing less would serve to keep up his credit, and gain time to disguise more than one failing scheme. Everything had of late been going so badly, that he had lost a good deal of his confidence and self-satisfaction; but he had gained no humility instead. It had not dawned upon him yet that he was not unfortunate, but unworthy. The gain of such a conviction is to a man enough to outweigh infinitely any loss that even his unworthiness can have caused him; for it involves some perception of the worthiness of the truth, and makes way for the utter consolation which the birth of that truth in himself will bring. As yet Mr. Galbraith was but overwhelmed with care for a self which, so far as he had had to do with the making of it, was of small value indeed, although in the possibility which is the birthright of every creature, it was, not less than that of the wretchedest of dog-licked Lazaruses, of a value by himself unsuspected and inappreciable. That he should behave so cruelly to his one child, was not unnatural to that self with which he was so much occupied: failure had weakened that command of behavior which so frequently gains the credit belonging only to justice and kindness, and a temper which never was good, but always feeling the chain, was ready at once to show its ugly teeth. He was a proud man, whose pride was always catching cold from

his heart. He might have lived a hundred years in the same house with a child that was not his own, without feeling for her a single movement of affection.

The servants found more change in him than Ginevra did; his relations with them, if not better conceived than his paternal ones, had been less evidently defective. Now he found fault with every one, so that even Joseph dared hardly open his mouth, and said he must give warning. The day after his arrival, having spent the morning with Angus, walking over certain fields, much desired, he knew, of a neighboring proprietor, inwardly calculating the utmost he could venture to ask for them with a chance of selling, he scolded Ginevra severely on his return because she had not had lunch, but had waited for him; whereas a little reflection might have shown him she dared not take it without him. Naturally, therefore, she could not now eat, because of a certain sensation in her throat. The instant he saw she was not eating, he ordered her out of the room: he would have no such airs in his family! By the end of the week — he arrived on the Tuesday — such a sense of estrangement possessed Ginevra, that she would turn on the stair and run up again, if she heard her father's voice below. Her aversion to meeting him, he became aware of, and felt relieved in regard to the wrong he was doing his wife, by reflecting upon her daughter's behavior towards him; for he had a strong constitutional sense of what was fair, and a conscience disobeyed becomes a cancer.

In this evil mood he received from some one — all his life Donal believed it was Fergus — a hint concerning the relations between his daughter and his tenant's herdboys. To describe his feelings at the bare fact that such a hint was possible, would be more labor than the result would repay. — What! his own flesh and blood, the heiress of Glashruach, derive pleasure from the boorish talk of such a companion! It could not be true, when the mere thought without the belief of it, filled him with such indignation! He was overwhelmed with a righteous disgust. He did himself the justice of making himself certain before he took measures; but he never thought of doing them the justice of acquainting himself first with the nature of the intercourse they held. But it mattered little; for he would have found nothing in that to give him satisfaction, even if the thing itself had not been outrageous. He watched and waited, and more than once pretended to go from home: at last

one morning, from the larch-wood, he saw the unnatural girl seated with her maid on the bank of the river, the cowherd reading to them, and on the other side the dumb idiot lying listening. He was almost beside himself — with what, I can hardly define. In a loud voice of bare command he called to her to come to him. With a glance of terror at Nicie she rose, and they went up through the larches together.

I will not spend my labor upon a reproduction of the verbal torrent of wrath, wounded dignity, disgust, and contempt, with which the father assailed his shrinking, delicate, honest-minded woman-child. For Nicie, he dismissed her on the spot. Not another night would he endure her in the house, after her abominable breach of confidence! She had to depart without even a good-bye from Ginevra, and went home weeping, in great dread of what her mother would say.

"Lassie," said Janet, when she heard her story, "gien onybody be to blame it's mysel'; for ye loot me ken ye gaed whiles wi' yer bonnie missie to hae a news wi' Donal, an' I saw an' see noucht 'at's wrang intil 't. But the fowk o' this warl' has ither w'ys o' jeedgin o' things, an' I maun bethink mysel' what lesson o' the serpent's wisdom I hae to learn frae 't. Ye're walcome hame, my bonnie lass. Ye ken I aye keep the wee closet ready for ony o' ye 'at micht come ohn expectit."

Nicie, however, had not long to occupy the closet, for those of her breed were in demand in the country.

CHAPTER XI.

PROLOGUE.

EVER since he became a dweller in the air of Glashgar, Gibbie, mindful of his first visit thereto, and of his grand experience on that occasion, had been in the habit, as often as he saw reason to expect a thunder-storm, and his duties would permit, of ascending the mountain, and there, on the crest of the granite peak, awaiting the arrival of the tumult. Everything antagonistic in the boy, everything that could naturally find relief, or pleasure, or simple outcome, in resistance or contention, debarred as it was by the exuberance of his loving kindness from obtaining satisfaction or alleviation in strife with his fellows, found it wherever he could encounter the forces of Nature, in personal wrestle with them where possible, and always in wildest sympathy with any uproar of the elements. The absence of personality in them allowed the co-existence of sym-

pathy and antagonism in respect of them. Except those truths awaking delight at once calm and profound, of which so few know the power, and the direct influence of human relation, Gibbie's emotional joy was more stirred by storm than by anything else; and with all forms of it he was so familiar that, young as he was, he had unconsciously begun to generalize on its phases.

Towards the evening of a wondrously fine day in the beginning of August—a perfect day of summer in her matronly beauty, it began to rain. All the next day the slopes and stairs of Glashgar were alternately glowing in sunshine, and swept with heavy showers, driven slanting in strong gusts of wind from the northwest. How often he was wet through and dried again that day, Gibbie could not have told. He wore so little that either took but a few moments, and he was always ready for a change. The wind and the rain together were cold, but that only served to let the sunshine deeper into him when it returned.

In the afternoon there was less sun, more rain, and more wind; and at last the sun seemed to give it up; the wind grew to a hurricane, and the rain strove with it which should inhabit the space. The whole upper region was like a huge mortar, in which the wind was the pestle, and, with innumerable gyres, vainly ground at the rain. Gibbie drove his sheep to the refuge of a pen on the lower slope of a valley that ran at right angles to the wind, where they were sheltered by a rock behind, forming one side of the enclosure, and dykes of loose stones, forming the others, at a height there was no tradition of any flood having reached. He then went home, and having told Robert what he had done, and had his supper, set out in the early failing light, to ascend the mountain. A great thunder-storm was at hand, and was calling him. It was almost dark before he reached the top, but he knew the surface of Glashgar nearly as well as the floor of the cottage. Just as he had fought his way to the crest of the peak in the face of one of the fiercest of the blasts abroad that night, a sudden rush of fire made the heavens like the smoke-filled vault of an oven, and at once the thunder followed, in a succession of single sharp explosions without any roll between. The mountain shook with the windy shocks, but the first of the thunder-storm was the worst, and it soon passed. The wind and the rain continued, and the darkness was filled with the rush of the water

everywhere wildly tearing down the sides of the mountain. Thus heaven and earth, held communication in torrents all the night. Down the steep slopes of the limpid air they ran to the hard sides of the hills, where at once, as if they were no longer at home, and did not like the change, they began to work mischief. To the ears and heart of Gibbie their noises were a mass of broken music. Every spring and autumn the floods came, and he knew them, and they were welcome to him in their seasons.

It required some care to find his way down through the darkness and the waters to the cottage, but as he was neither in fear nor in haste, he was in little danger, and his hands and feet could pick out the path where his eyes were useless. When at length he reached his bed, it was not for a long time to sleep, but to lie awake and listen to the raging of the wind all about and above and below the cottage, and the rushing of the streams down past it on every side. To his imagination it was as if he lay in the very bed of the channel by which the waters of heaven were shooting to the valleys of the earth; and when he fell asleep at last, his dream was of the rush of the river of the water of life from under the throne of God; and he saw men drink thereof, and every one as he drank straightway knew that he was one with the Father, and one with every child of his throughout the infinite universe.

He woke, and what remained of his dream was love in his heart, and in his ears the sound of many waters. It was morning. He rose, and dressing hastily, opened the door. What a picture of gray storm rose outspread before him! The wind fiercely invaded the cottage, thick charged with water-drops, and stepping out he shut the door in haste, lest it should blow upon the old people in bed and wake them. He could not see far on any side, for the rain that fell, and the mist and steam that rose, upon which the wind seemed to have no power; but wherever he did see, there water was running down. Up the mountain he went—he could hardly have told why. Once, for a moment, as he ascended, the veil of the vapor either rose, or was torn asunder, and he saw the great wet gleam of the world below. By the time he reached the top, it was as light, as it was all the day; but it was with a dull yellow glare, as if the sun were obscured by the smoke and vaporous fumes of a burning world which the rain had been sent to quench. It was a wild, hopeless scene—as if God had turned his face away from

the world, and all nature was therefore drowned in tears — no Rachel weeping for her children, but the whole creation crying for the Father, and refusing to be comforted. Gibbie stood gazing and thinking. Did God like to look at the storm he made? If Jesus did, would he have left it all and gone to sleep, when the wind and waves were howling, and flinging the boat about like a toy between them? He must have been tired, surely! With what? Then first Gibbie saw that perhaps it tired Jesus to heal people; that every time what cured man or woman was life that went out of him, and that he missed it, perhaps — not from his heart, but from his body; and if it were so, then it was no wonder if he slept in the midst of a right splendid storm. And upon that Gibbie remembered what St. Matthew says just before he tells about the storm — that “he cast out the spirits with his word, and healed all that were sick, that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by Esaias the prophet, saying, Himself took our infirmities, and bare our sicknesses.”

That moment it seemed as if he must be himself in some wave-tossed boat, and not upon a mountain of stone, for Glashgar gave a great heave under him, then rocked and shook from side to side a little, and settled down so still and steady, that motion and the mountain seemed again two ideas that never could be present together in any mind. The next instant came an explosion, followed by a frightful roaring and hurling, as of mingled water and stones; and on the side of the mountain beneath him he saw what, through the mist, looked like a cloud of smoke or dust rising to a height. He darted towards it. As he drew nearer, the cloud seemed to condense, and presently he saw plainly enough that it was a great column of water shooting up and out from the face of the mountain. It sank and rose again, with the alternation of a huge pulse: the mountain was cracked, and through the crack, with every throb of its heart, the life blood of the great hull of the world seemed beating out. Already it had scattered masses of gravel on all sides, and down the hill a river was shooting in sheer cataract, raving and tearing, and carrying stones and rocks with it like foam. Still and still it pulsed and rushed and ran, born, like another Xanthus, a river full-grown, from the heart of the mountain.

Suddenly Gibbie, in the midst of his astonishment and awful delight, noted the path of the new stream, and from his knowledge of the face of the mountain,

perceived that its course was direct for the cottage. Down the hill he shot after it, as if it were a wild beast that his fault had freed from its cage. He was not terrified. One believing like him in the perfect Love and perfect Will of a Father of men, as the fact of facts, fears nothing. Fear is faithlessness. But there is so little that is worthy the name of faith, that such a confidence will appear to most not merely incredible but heartless. The Lord himself seems not to have been very hopeful about us, for he said, When the son of man cometh, shall he find faith on the earth? A perfect faith would lift us absolutely above fear. It is in the cracks, crannies, and gulfy faults of our belief, the gaps that are not faith, that the snow of apprehension settles, and the ice of unkindness forms.

The torrent had already worn for itself a channel: what earth there was, it had swept clean away to the rock, and the loose stones it had thrown up aside, or hurled with it in its headlong course. But as Gibbie bounded along, following it with a speed almost equal to its own, he was checked in the midst of his hearty haste by the sight, a few yards away, of another like terror — another torrent issuing from the side of the hill, and rushing to swell the valley stream. Another and another he saw, with growing wonder, as he ran; before he reached home he passed some six or eight, and had begun to think whether a second deluge of the whole world might not be at hand, commencing this time with Scotland. Two of them joined the one he was following, and he had to cross them as he could; the others he saw near and farther off — one foaming deliverance after another, issuing from the entrails of the mountain, like imprisoned demons, that, broken from their bonds, ran to ravage the world with the accumulated hate of dreariest centuries. Now and then a huge boulder, loosened from its bed by the trail of this or that watery serpent, would go rolling, leaping, bounding down the hill before him, and just in time he escaped one that came springing after him as if it were a living thing that wanted to devour him. Nor was Glashgar the only torrent-bearing mountain of Gormgarnet that day, though the rain prevented Gibbie from seeing anything of what the rest of them were doing. The fountains of the great deep were broken up, and seemed rushing together to drown the world. And still the wind was raging, and the rain tumbling to the earth, rather in sheets than in streams.

Gibbie at length forsook the bank of the new torrent to take the nearest way home, and soon reached the point whence first, returning in that direction, he always looked to see the cottage. For a moment he was utterly bewildered: no cottage was to be seen. From the top of the rock against which it was built, shot the whole mass of the water he had been pursuing, now dark with stones and gravel, now gray with foam, or glassy in the lurid light.

"O Jesus Christ!" he cried, and darted to the place. When he came near, to his amazement there stood the little house unharmed, the very centre of the cataract! For a few yards on the top of the rock, the torrent had a nearly horizontal channel, along which it rushed with unabated speed to the edge, and thence shot clean over the cottage, dropping only a dribble of rain on the roof from the underside of its half-arch. The garden ground was gone, swept clean from the bare rock, which made a fine smooth shoot for the water a long distance in front. He darted through the drizzle and spray, reached the door, and lifted the latch. The same moment he heard Janet's voice in joyful greeting.

"Noo, noo! come awa', laddie," she said. "Wha wad hae thought we wad hae to lea' the rock to win oot o' the water? We're but waitin' you to gang.—Come, Robert, we'll awa' doon the hill."

She stood in the middle of the room in her best gown, as if she had been going to church, her Bible, a good-sized octavo, under her arm, with a white handkerchief folded round it, and her umbrella in her hand.

"He that believeth shall not make haste," she said, "but he maunna tempt the Lord, aither. Drink that milk, Gibbie, an' pit a bannock i' yer pooch, an' come awa'."

Robert rose from the edge of the bed, staff in hand, ready too. He also was in his Sunday clothes. Oscar, who could make no change of attire, but was always ready, and had been standing looking up in his face for the last ten minutes, wagged his tail when he saw him rise, and got out of his way. On the table were the remains of their breakfast of oat-cake and milk—the fire Janet had left on the hearth was a spongy mass of peat, as wet as the winter before it was dug from the bog, so they had had no porridge. The water kept coming in splashes down the *lum*, the hillocks of the floor were slimy, and in the hollows little lakes were gathering: the lowest film of the torrent-water ran down the rock behind, and making its way be-

tween rock and roof, threatened soon to render the place uninhabitable.

"What's the eese o' lo'denin' yersel' wi' the umbrella?" said Robert. "We'll get it a' drookit" (*drenched*).

"Ow, I'll jist tak it," replied Janet, with a laugh in acknowledgment of her husband's fun; "it'll haud the rain ohn blin't me."

"That's gien ye be able to haud it up. I doobt the win' 'll be ower sair upo' 't. I'm thinkin', though, it'll be mair to haud yer beuk dry!"

Janet smiled and made no denial.

"Noo, Gibbie," she said, "ye gang an' lowse Crummie. But ye'll hae to lead her. She winna be to caw in sic a win' 's this, an' no plain ro'd afore her."

"Whaur div ye think o' gauin?" asked Robert, who, satisfied as usual with whatever might be in his wife's mind, had not till this moment thought of asking her where she meant to take refuge.

"Ow, we'll jist mak for the Mains, gien ye be agreeable, Robert," she answered. "It's there we belang till, an' in wather like this naebody wad refeese bield till a beggar, no to say Mistress Jean till her ain fowk."

With that she led the way to the door and opened it.

"His vi'ce was like the soon' o' many watters," she said to herself softly, as the liquid thunder of the torrent came in the louder.

Gibbie shot round the corner to the byre, whence through all the roar, every now and then they had heard the cavernous mooring of Crummie, piteous and low. He found a stream a foot deep running between her fore and hind legs, and did not wonder that she wanted to be on the move. Speedily he loosed her, and fastening the chain-tether to her halter, led her out. She was terrified at sight of the falling water, and they had some trouble in getting her through behind it, but presently after, she was making the descent as carefully and successfully as any of them.

It was a heavy undertaking for the two old folk to walk all the way to the Mains, and in such a state of the elements; but where there is no choice, we do well to make no difficulty. Janet was half-troubled that her mountain and her foundation on the rock, should have failed her; but consoled herself that they were but shadows of heavenly things and figures of the true; and that a mountain or a rock was in itself no more to be trusted than a horse or a prince or the legs of a man. Robert plodded on in contented silence, and Gib-

bie was in great glee, singing, after his fashion, all the way, though now and then half choked by the fierceness of the wind round some corner of rock, filled with rain-drops that stung like hailstones.

By-and-by Janet stopped and began looking about her. This naturally seemed to her husband rather odd in the circumstances.

"What are ye efter, Janet?" he said, shouting through the wind from a few yards off, by no means sorry to stand for a moment, although any recovering of his breath seemed almost hopeless in such a tempest.

"I want to lay my umbrell in safty," answered Janet—"gien I cud but perceive a shuitable spot. Ye was richt, Robert; it's mair walth nor I can get the guid o'."

"Hoots! flingt frae ye, than, lass," he returned. "Is this a day to be thinkin' o' warl's gear?"

"What for no, Robert?" she rejoined. "Ae day's as guid's anither for thinkin' aboot onything the richt gait."

"What!" retorted Robert,—"whan we hae ta'en oor lives in oor han', an' can no more than houp we may cairry them throu' safe!"

"What's that 'at ye ca' oor lives, Robert? The Maister never made muckle o' the savin' o' sic like 's them. It seems to me they're naething but a kin' o' warl's gear themselfs."

"An' yet," argued Robert, "ye'll tak thought aboot an auld umbrell? Whaur's yer consistency, lass?"

"Gien I war tribled aboot my life," said Janet, "I cud ill spare thought for an auld umbrell. But they baith tribble me sae little, 'at I may jist as weel luik efter them baith. It's auld an' casten an' bow-ribbit, it's true, but it wad ill become me to drap it wi'oot a thought, whan him 'at could mak haill loaves, said 'Gether up the fragments 'at naething be lost.'—Na," she continued, still looking about her, "I maun jist dee my duty by the auld umbrell; syne come o' 't 'at likes, I carena."

So saying, she walked to the lee side of a rock, and laid the umbrella close under it, then a few large stones upon it to keep it down.

I may add, that the same umbrella, recovered, and with two new ribs, served Janet to the day of her death.

From The Contemporary Review.

THE PHŒNICIANS IN GREECE.

HERODOTUS begins his history by relating how Phœnician traders brought "Egyptian and Assyrian wares" to Argos and other parts of Greece, in those remote days when the Greeks were still waiting to receive the elements of their culture from the more civilized East. His account was derived from Persian and Phœnician sources, but, it would seem, was accepted by his contemporaries with the same unquestioning confidence as by himself. The belief of Herodotus was shared by the scholars of Europe after the revival of learning, and there were none among them who doubted that the civilization of ancient Greece had been brought from Asia or Egypt, or from both. Hebrew was regarded as the primæval language, and the Hebrew records as the fountain-head of all history; just as the Greek vocabulary, therefore, was traced back to the Hebrew lexicon, the legends of primitive Greece were believed to be the echoes of Old Testament history. *Ex Oriente lux* was the motto of the inquirer, and the key to all that was dark or doubtful in the mythology and history of Hellas was to be found in the monuments of the Oriental world.

But the age of Creuzer and Bryant was succeeded by an age of scepticism and critical investigation. A reaction set in against the attempt to force Greek thought and culture into an Asiatic mould. The Greek scholar was repelled by the tasteless insipidity and barbaric exuberance of the East; he contrasted the works of Phidias and Praxiteles, of Sophocles and Plato, with the monstrous creations of India or Egypt, and the conviction grew strong within him that the Greek could never have learnt his first lessons of civilization in such a school as this. Between the East and the West a sharp line of division was drawn, and to look for the origin of Greek culture beyond the boundaries of Greece itself came to be regarded almost as sacrilege. Greek mythology, so far from being an echo or caricature of Biblical history and Oriental mysticism, was pronounced to be self-evolved and independent, and K. O. Müller could deny without contradiction the Asiatic origin even of the myth of Aphrodite and Adonis, where the name of the Semitic sun-god seems of itself to indicate its source. The Phœnician traders of Herodotus, like the royal maiden they carried away from Argos, were banished to the nebulous region of rationalistic fable.

Along with this reaction against the Orientalizing school, which could see in Greece nothing but a deformed copy of Eastern wisdom, went another reaction against the conception of Greek mythology on which the labors of the Orientalizing school had been based. Key after key had been applied to Greek mythology, and all in vain; the lock had refused to turn. The light which had been supposed to come from the East had turned out to be but a will-o'-the-wisp; neither the Hebrew Scriptures nor the Egyptian hieroglyphics had solved the problem presented by the Greek myths. And the Greek scholar, in despair, had come to the conclusion that the problem was insoluble; all that he could do was to accept the facts as they were set before him, to classify and repeat the wondrous tales of the Greek poets, but to leave their origin unexplained. This is practically the position of Grote; he is content to show that all the parts of a myth hang closely together, and that any attempt to extract history or philosophy from it must be arbitrary and futile. To deprive a myth of its kernel and soul, and call the dry husk that is left a historical fact, is to mistake the conditions of the problem and the nature of mythology.

It was at this point that the science of comparative mythology stepped in. Grote had shown that we cannot look for history in mythology, but he had given up the discovery of the origin of this mythology as a hopeless task. The same comparative method, however, which has forced nature to disclose her secrets has also penetrated to the sources of mythology itself. The Greek myths, like the myths of the other nations of the world, are the forgotten and misinterpreted records of the beliefs of primitive man, and of his earliest attempts to explain the phenomena of nature. Restore the original meaning of the language wherein the myth is clothed, and the origin of the myth is found. Myths, in fact, are the words of a dead language to which a wrong sense has been given by a false method of decipherment. A myth, rightly explained, will tell us the beliefs, the feelings, and the knowledge of those among whom it first grew up; for the evidences and monuments of history we must look elsewhere.

But there is an old proverb that "there is no smoke without fire." The war of Troy or the beleaguering of Thebes may be but a repetition of the time-worn story of the battle waged by the bright powers of day round the battlements of heaven;

but there must have been some reason why this story should have been specially localized in the Troad and at Thebes. Most of the Greek myths have a background in space and time; and for this background there must be some historical cause. The cause, however, if it is to be discovered at all, must be discovered by means of those evidences which will alone satisfy the critical historian. The localization of a myth is merely an indication or sign-post pointing out the direction in which he is to look for his facts. If Greek warriors had never fought in the plains of Troy, we may be pretty sure that the poems of Homer would not have brought Akhilles and Agamemnon under the walls of Ilium. If Phœnician traders had exercised no influence on primeval Greece, Greek legend would have contained no references to them.

But even the myth itself, when rightly questioned, may be made to yield some of the facts upon which the conclusions of the historian are based. We now know fairly well what ideas, usages, and proper names have an Aryan stamp upon them, and what, on the other hand, belong rather to the Semitic world. Now there is a certain portion of Greek mythology which bears but little relationship to the mythology of the kindred Aryan tribes, while it connects itself very closely with the beliefs and practices of the Semitic race. Human sacrifice is very possibly one of these, and it is noticeable that two at least of the legends which speak of human sacrifice — those of Athamas and Busiris — are associated, the one with the Phœnicians of Thebes, the other with the Phœnicians of the Egyptian Delta. The whole cycle of myths grouped about the name of Herakles points as clearly to a Semitic source as does the myth of Aphrodite and Adonis; and the extravagant lamentations that accompanied the worship of the Akhæan Demeter (Herod. v. 61) come as certainly from the East as the olive, the pomegranate, and the myrtle, the sacred symbols of Athena, of Hera, and of Aphrodite.*

Comparative mythology has thus given us a juster appreciation of the historical inferences we may draw from the legends of prehistoric Greece, and has led us back to a recognition of the important part played by the Phœnicians in the heroic age. Greek culture, it is true, was not the mere copy of that of Semitic Asia, as

* See E. Curtius: *Die griechische Götterlehre vom geschichtlichen Standpunkt*, in *Preussische Jahrbücher*, xxxvi. pp. 1-17. 1875.

scholars once believed, but the germs of it had come in large measure from an Oriental seed-plot. The conclusions derived from a scientific study of the myths have been confirmed and widened by the recent researches and discoveries of archæology. The spade, it has been said, is the modern instrument for reconstructing the history of the past, and in no department of history has the spade been more active of late than in that of Greece. From all sides light has come upon that remote epoch around which the mists of a fabulous antiquity had already been folded in the days of Herodotus; from the islands and shores of the *Ægean*, from the tombs of Asia Minor and Palestine, nay, even from the temples and palaces of Egypt and Assyria, have the materials been exhumed for sketching in something like clear outline the origin and growth of Greek civilization. From nowhere, however, have more important revelations been derived than from the excavations at Mykenæ and Spata, near Athens, and it is with the evidence furnished by these that I now propose mainly to deal. A personal inspection of the sites and the objects found upon them has convinced me of the groundlessness of the doubts which have been thrown out against their antiquity as well as of the intercourse and connection to which they testify with the great empires of Babylonia and Assyria. Mr. Poole has lately pointed out what materials are furnished by the Egyptian monuments for determining the age and character of the antiquities of Mykenæ. I would now draw attention to the far clearer and more tangible materials afforded by Assyrian art and history.

Two facts must first be kept well in view. One of these is the Semitic origin of the Greek alphabet. The Phœnician alphabet, originally derived from the alphabet of the Egyptian hieroglyphics and imported into their mother country by the Phœnician settlers of the Delta, was brought to Greece, not probably by the Phœnicians of Tyre and Sidon, but by the Aramæans of the Gulf of Antioch, whose nouns ended with the same "emphatic aleph" that we seem to find in the Greek names of the letters, *alpha*, *beta*, *gamma* (*gamla*). Before the introduction of the simpler Phœnician alphabet, the inhabitants of Asia Minor and the neighboring islands appear to have used a syllabary of some seventy characters, which continued to be employed in conservative Cyprus down to a very late date; but, so far as we know at present the Greeks of the main-

land were unacquainted with writing before the Aramæo-Phœnicians had taught them their phonetic symbols. The oldest Greek inscriptions are probably those of Thera, now Santorin, where the Phœnicians had been settled from time immemorial; and as the forms of the characters found in them do not differ very materially from the forms used on the famous Moabite stone, we may infer that the alphabet of Kadmus was brought to the West at a date not very remote from that of Mesha and Ahab, perhaps about 800 B.C. We may notice that Thera was an island and a Phœnician colony, and it certainly seems more probable that the alphabet was carried to the mainland from the islands of the *Ægean* than that it was disseminated from the inland Phœnician settlement at Thebes, as the old legends affirmed. In any case, the introduction of the alphabet implies a considerable amount of civilizing force on the part of those from whom it was borrowed; the teachers from whom an illiterate people learns the art of writing are generally teachers from whom it has previously learnt the other elements of social culture. A barbarous tribe will use its muscles in the service of art before it will use its brains; the smith and engraver precede the scribe. If, therefore, the Greeks were unacquainted with writing before the ninth century B.C., objects older than that period may be expected to exhibit clear traces of Phœnician influence, though no traces of writing.

The other fact to which I allude is the existence of pottery of the same material and pattern on all the prehistoric sites of the Greek world, however widely separated they may be. We find it, for instance, at Mykenæ and Tiryns, at Tanagra and Athens, in Rhodes, in Cyprus, and in Thera, while I picked up specimens of it in the neighborhood of the treasury of Minyas and on the site of the Acropolis at Orchomenus. The clay of which it is composed is of a drab color, derived, perhaps in all instances, from the volcanic soil of Thera and Melos, and it is ornamented with geometrical and other patterns in black and maroon red. After a time the patterns become more complicated and artistic; flowers, animal forms, and eventually human figures, take the place of simple lines, and the pottery gradually passes into that known as Corinthian or Phœniko-Greek. It needs but little experience to distinguish at a glance this early pottery from the red ware of the later Hellenic period.

Phœnicia, Keft as it was called by the

Egyptians, had been brought into relation with the monarchy of the Nile at a remote date, and among the Semitic settlers in the Delta or "Isle of Caphtor" must have been natives of Sidon and the neighboring towns. After the expulsion of the Hyksos, the Pharaohs of the eighteenth and nineteenth dynasties carried their arms as far as Mesopotamia and placed Egyptian garrisons in Palestine. A tomb-painting of Thothmes III. represents the Kefa or Phœnicians, clad in richly embroidered kilts and buskins, and bringing their tribute of gold and silver vases and earthenware cups, some in the shape of animals like the vases found at Mykenæ and elsewhere. Phœnicia, it would seem, was already celebrated for its goldsmiths' and potters' work, and the ivory the Kefa are sometimes made to carry shows that their commerce must have extended far to the east. As early as the sixteenth century B.C., therefore, we may conclude that the Phœnicians were a great commercial people, trading between Assyria and Egypt and possessed of a considerable amount of artistic skill.

It is not likely that a people of this sort, who, as we know from other sources, carried on a large trade in slaves and purple, would have been still unacquainted with the seas and coasts of Greece where both slaves and the murex or purple-fish were most easily to be obtained. Though the Phœnician alphabet was unknown in Greece till the ninth century B.C., we have every reason to expect to find traces of Phœnician commerce and Phœnician influence there at least five centuries before. And such seems to be the case. The excavations carried on in Thera by M.M. Fouqué and Gorceix,* in Rhodes by Mr. Newton and Dr. Saltzmann, and in various other places such as Megara, Athens, and Melos, have been followed by the explorations of Dr. Schliemann at Hissarlik, Tiryns, and Mykenæ, of General di Cesnola in Cyprus, and of the Archaeological Society of Athens at Tanagra and Spata.

The accumulations of prehistoric objects on these sites all tell the same tale, the influence of the East, and more especially of the Phœnicians, upon the growing civilization of early Greece. Thus in Thera, where a sort of Greek Pompeii has been preserved under the lava which once overwhelmed it, we find the rude stone hovels of its primitive inhabitants, with roofs of wild olive, filled with the bones of dogs

and sheep, and containing stores of barley, spelt, and chickpea, copper and stone weapons, and abundance of pottery. The latter is for the most part extremely coarse, but here and there have been discovered vases of artistic workmanship, which remind us of those carried by the Kefa, and may have been imported from abroad. We know from the tombs found on the island that the Phœnicians afterwards settled in Thera among a population in the same condition of civilization as that which had been overtaken by the great volcanic eruption. It was from these Phœnician settlers that the embroidered dresses known as Theræan were brought to Greece; they were adorned with animals and other figures, similar to those seen upon Corinthian or Phœniko-Greek ware.*

Now M. Fr. Lenormant has pointed out that much of the pottery used by the aboriginal inhabitants of Thera is almost identical in form and make with that found by Dr. Schliemann at Hissarlik, in the Troad, and he concludes that it must belong to the same period and the same area of civilization. There is as yet little, if any, trace of Oriental influence; a few of the clay vases from Thera, and some of the gold workmanship at Hissarlik, can alone be referred, with more or less hesitation, to Phœnician artists. We have not yet reached the age when Phœnician trade in the West ceased to be the sporadic effort of private individuals, and when trading colonies were established in different parts of the Greek world; Europe is still unaffected by Eastern culture, and the beginnings of Greek art are still free from foreign interference. It is only in certain designs on the terra-cotta discs, believed by Dr. Schliemann to be spindle whorls, that we may possibly detect rude copies of Babylonian and Phœnician intaglios.

Among all the objects discovered at Hissarlik, none have been more discussed than the vases and clay images in which Dr. Schliemann saw a representation of an owl-headed Athena. What Dr. Schliemann took for an owl's head, however, is really a rude attempt to imitate the human face, and two breasts are frequently moulded in the clay below it. In many examples the human countenance is unmistakable, and in most of the others the representation is less rude than in the case of the small marble statues of Apollo (?) found in the Greek islands, or even of the early Hellenic vases where the men see a

* See Fouqué's *Mission Scientifique à l'île de Santorin* (*Archives des Missions* 2e série, iv. 1867); Gorceix in the *Bulletin de l'Ecole française d'Athènes*, i.

* Hesychius, s. v. *Θήραιον, Ὀφειδεῖς*; Pollux, *Onom.* vii. 48, 77. See II. ii. 289.

furnished with the beaks of birds. But we now know that these curious vases are not peculiar to the Troad. Specimens of them have also been met with in Cyprus, and in these we can trace the development of the owl-like head into the more perfect portraiture of the human face.* In conservative Cyprus there was not that break with the past which occurred in other portions of the Greek world.

Cyprus, in fact, lay midway between Greece and Phœnicia, and was shared to the last between an Aryan and a Semitic population. The Phœnician element in the island was strong, if not preponderant; Paphos was a chief seat of the worship of the Phœnician Astarte, and the Phœnician Kitium, the Chittim of the Hebrews, took first rank among the Cyprian towns. The antiquities brought to light by General di Cesnola are of all ages and all styles — prehistoric and classical, Phœnician and Hellenic, Assyrian and Egyptian — and the various styles are combined together in the catholic spirit that characterized Phœnician art.

But we must pause here for a moment to define more accurately what we mean by Phœnician art. Strictly speaking, Phœnicia had no art of its own; its designs were borrowed from Egypt and Assyria, and its artists went to school on the banks of the Nile and the Euphrates. The Phœnician combined and improved upon his models; the impulse, the origination came from abroad; the modification and elaboration were his own. He entered into other men's labors, and made the most of his heritage. The sphinx of Egypt became Asiatic, and in its new form was transplanted to Nineveh on the one side and to Greece on the other. The rosettes and other patterns of the Babylonian cylinders were introduced into the handiwork of Phœnicia, and so passed on to the West, while the hero of the ancient Chaldean epic became first the Tyrian Melkarth, and then the Herakles of Hellas. It is possible, no doubt, that with all this borrowing there was still something that was original in Phœnician work; such at any rate seems to be the case with some of the forms given to the vases; but at present we have no means of determining how far this originality may have extended. In Assyria, indeed, Phœnician art exercised a great influence in the eighth and seventh centuries B.C.; but it had itself previously drawn its first inspiration from the empire

of the Tigris, and did but give back the perfect blossom to those from whom it had received the seed. The workmanship of the ivories and bronze bowls found at Nineveh by Mr. Layard is thoroughly Phœnician; but it cannot be separated from that of the purely Assyrian pavements and bas-reliefs with which the palaces were adorned. The Phœnician art, in fact, traces of which we find from Assyria to Italy, though based on both Egyptian and Assyrian models, owed far more to Assyria than it did to Egypt. In art, as in mythology and religion, Phœnicia was but a carrier and intermediary between East and West; and just as the Greek legends of Aphrodite and Adonis, of Herakles and his twelve labors, and of the other borrowed heroes of Oriental story came in the first instance from Assyria, so too did that art and culture which Kadmus the Phœnician handed on to the Greek race.

But Assyria itself had been equally an adapter and intermediary. The Semites of Assyria and Babylonia had borrowed their culture and civilization from the older Accadian race, with its agglutinative language, which had preceded them in the possession of Chaldea. So slavishly observant were the Assyrians of their Chaldean models that in a land where limestone was plentiful they continued to build their palaces and temples of brick, and to ornament them with those columns and pictorial representations which had been first devised on the alluvial plains of Babylonia. To understand Assyrian art, and track it back to its source, we must go to the engraved gems and ruined temples of primeval Babylonia. It is true that Egypt may have had some influence on Assyrian art at the time when the eighteenth dynasty had pushed its conquests to the banks of the Tigris: but that influence does not seem to have been either deep or permanent. Now the art of Assyria is in great measure the art of Phœnicia, and that again the art of prehistoric Greece. Modern research has discovered the prototype of Herakles in the hero of a Chaldean epic composed, it may be, four thousand years ago; it has also discovered the beginnings of Greek columnar architecture and the germs of Greek art in the works of the builders and engravers of early Chaldea.

When first I saw, five years ago, the famous sculpture which has guarded the Gate of Lions at Mykenæ for so many centuries, I was at once struck by its Assyrian character. The lions in form and attitude belong to Assyria, and the pillar against which they rest may be seen

* See, for example, Di Cesnola's *Cyprus*, pp. 401, 402.

in the bas-reliefs brought from Nineveh. Here, at all events, there was clear proof of Assyrian influence; the only question was whether that influence had been carried through the hands of the Phœnicians or had travelled along the highroad which ran across Asia Minor, the second channel whereby the culture of Assyria could have been brought to Greece. The existence of a similar sculpture over a rock-tomb at Kumbet in Phrygia might seem to favor the latter view.

The discoveries of Dr. Schliemann have gone far to settle the question. The pottery excavated at Mykenæ is of the Phœnician type, and the clay of which it is composed has probably come from Thera. The terra-cotta figures of animals and more especially of a goddess with long robe, crowned head, and crescent-like arms, which Dr. Schliemann would identify with *Ἡρα*, are spread over the whole area traversed by the Phœnicians. The image of the goddess in one form or another has been found in Thera and Melos, in Naxos and Paros, in Ios, in Sikinos, and in Anaphos, and M. Lenormant has traced it back to Babylonia and to the Babylonian representation of the goddess Artemis-Nana.* At Tanagra the image has been found under two forms, both, however, made of the same clay and in the same style as the figures from Mykenæ. In one the goddess is upright, as at Mykenæ, with the *polos* on her head, and the arms either outspread or folded over the breast; in the other she is sitting with the arms crossed. Now among the gold ornaments exhumed at Mykenæ are some square pendants of gold which represent the goddess in this sitting posture.†

The animal forms most commonly met with are those of the lion, the stag, the bull, the cuttle-fish, and the murex. The last two point unmistakably to a seafaring race, and more especially to those Phœnician sailors whose pursuit of the purple-trade first brought them into Greek seas. So far as I know, neither the polypus nor the murex, nor the butterfly which often accompanies them, have been found in Assyria or Egypt, and we may therefore see in them original designs of Phœnician art. Mr. Newton has pointed out that the cuttle-fish (like the dolphin) also occurs among the prehistoric remains from Ialysos in Rhodes, where, too, pottery of the same shape and material as that of Mykenæ has been found, as well as beads of a curious

vitreous substance, and rings in which the back of the chaton is rounded so as to fit the finger. It is clear that the art of Ialysos belongs to the same age and school as the art of Mykenæ; and as a scarab of Amenophis III. has been found in one of the Ialysian tombs, it is possible that the art may be as old as the fifteenth century B.C.

Now Ialysos is not the only Rhodian town which has yielded prehistoric antiquities. Camirus also has been explored by Messrs. Biliotti and Saltzmann; and while objects of the same kind and character as those of Ialysos have been discovered there, other objects have been found by their side which belong to another and more advanced stage of art. These are vases of clay and metal, bronze bowls, and the like, which not only display high finish and skill, but are ornamented with the designs characteristic of Phœnician workmanship at Nineveh and elsewhere. Thus we have zones of trees and animals, attempts at the representation of scenery, and a profusion of ornament, while the influence of Egypt is traceable in the sphinxes and scarabs, which also occur plentifully. Here, therefore, at Camirus, there is plain evidence of a sudden introduction of finished Phœnician art among a people whose art was still rude and backward, although springing from the same germs as the art of Phœnicia itself. Two distinct periods in the history of the Ægean thus seem to lie unfolded before us; one in which Eastern influence was more or less indirect, content to communicate the seeds of civilization and culture, and to import such objects as a barbarous race would prize; and another in which the East was, as it were, transported into the West, and the development of Greek art was interrupted by the introduction of foreign workmen and foreign beliefs. This second period was the period of Phœnician colonization as distinct from that of mere trading voyages — the period, in fact, when Thebes was made a Phœnician fortress, and the Phœnician alphabet diffused throughout the Greek world. It is only in relics of the later part of this period that we can look for inscriptions and traces of writing, at least in Greece proper; in the islands and on the coast of Asia Minor, the Cypriote syllabary seems to have been in use, to be superseded afterwards by the simpler alphabet of Kadmus. For reasons presently to be stated, I would distinguish the first period by the name of Phrygian.

Throughout the whole of it, however, the

* *Gazette Archéologique*, ii. 1, 3.

† See Schliemann's *Mycenæ* and *Tiryns*, p. 273.

Phœnician trading-ships must have formed the chief medium of intercourse between Asia and Europe. Proof of this has been furnished by the rock tombs of Spata, which have been lighted on opportunely to illustrate and explain the discoveries at Mykenæ. Spata is about nine miles from Athens, on the north-west spur of Hymettos, and the two tombs hitherto opened are cut in the soft sandstone rock of a small conical hill. Both are approached by long, tunnel-like entrances, and one of them contains three chambers, leading one into the other, and each fashioned after the model of a house. No one who has seen the objects unearthed at Spata can doubt for a moment their close connection with the Mykenæan antiquities. The very moulds found at Mykenæ fit the ornaments from Spata, and might easily have been used in the manufacture of them. It is more especially with the contents of the sixth tomb discovered by Mr. Stamatakis in the *enceinte* at Mykenæ after Dr. Schliemann's departure, that the Spata remains agree so remarkably. But there is a strong resemblance between them and the Mykenæan antiquities generally, in both material, patterns, and character. The cuttlefish and the murex appear in both; the same curious spiral designs, and ornaments in the shape of shells or rudely-formed oxheads; the same geometrical patterns; the same class of carved work. An ivory in which a lion, of the Assyrian type, is depicted as devouring a stag, is but a reproduction of a similar design met with among the objects from Mykenæ, and it is interesting to observe that the same device, in the same style of art, may be also seen on a Phœnician gem from Sardinia.* Of still higher interest are other ivories, which, like the antiquities of Camirus, belong rather to the second than to the first period of Phœnician influence. One of these represents a column, which, like that above the Gate of Lions, carries us back to the architecture of Babylonia, while others exhibit the Egyptian sphinx, as modified by the Phœnician artists. Thus the handle of a comb is divided into two compartments — the lower occupied by three of these sphinxes, the upper by two others, which have their eyes fixed on an Assyrian rosette in the middle.† Similar sphinxes are engraved on a silver cup lately discovered at Palestrina, bearing the Phœnician inscription, in Phœnician let-

ters, "Eshmun-ya'ar, son of Ashta."* Another ivory has been carved into the form of a human side face, surmounted by a tiara of four plaits. On the one hand the arrangement of the hair of the face, the whisker and beard forming a fringe round it, and the two lips being closely shorn, reminds us of what we find at Palestrina; on the other hand, the head-dress is that of the figures on the sculptured rocks of Asia Minor, and of the Hittite princes of Carchemish. In spite of this Phœnician coloring, however, the treasures of Spata belong to the earlier part of the Phœnician period, if not to that which I have called Phrygian: there is as yet no sign of writing, no trace of the use of iron. But we seem to be approaching the close of the bronze age in Greece — to have reached the time when the lions were sculptured over the chief gateway of Mykenæ, and the so-called treasures were erected in honor of the dead.

Can any date be assigned, even approximately, to those two periods of Phœnician influence in Greece? Can we localize the era, so to speak, of the antiquities discovered at Mykenæ, or fix the epoch at which its kings ceased to build its long-enduring monuments, and its glory was taken from it? I think an answer to these questions may be found in a series of engraved gold rings and prisms found upon its site — the prisms having probably once served to ornament the neck. In these we can trace a gradual development of art, which in time becomes less Oriental and more Greek, and acquires a certain facility in the representation of the human form.

Let us first fix our attention on an engraved gold chaton found, not in the tombs, but outside the *enceinte* among the ruins, as it would seem, of a house.† On this we have a rude representation of a figure seated under a palm-tree, with another figure behind and three more in front, the foremost being of small size, the remaining two considerably taller and in flounced dresses. Above are the symbols of the sun and crescent moon, and at the side a row of lions' heads. Now no one who has seen this chaton, and also had any acquaintance with the engraved gems of the archaic period of Babylonian art, can avoid being struck by the fact that the intaglio is a copy of one of the latter. The characteristic workmanship of the Babylonian gems is imitated by punches made in the gold which give the design a very curious

* Given by La Marmora in the *Memorie della Reale Accademia delle Scienze di Torino* (1854), vol. xiv. pl. 2, fig. 63.

† See the *Ἀθηναίων*, 1877, pl. 1.

* Given in the *Monumenti d. Istituto Romano*, 1876.

† Schliemann: *Mykenæ and Tiryns*, p. 330.

effect. The attitude of the figures is that common on the Chaldean cylinders; the owner stands in front of the deity, of diminutive size, and in the act of adoration, while the priests are placed behind him. The latter wear the flounced dresses peculiar to the early Babylonian priests; and what has been supposed to represent female breasts, is really a copy of the way in which the breast of a man is frequently portrayed on the cylinders.* The palm-tree, with its single fruit hanging on the left side, is characteristically Babylonian; so also are the symbols that encircle the engraving, the sun and moon and lions' heads. The chaton of another gold ring, found on the same spot, is covered with similar animal heads. This, again, is a copy of early Babylonian art, in which such designs were not unfrequent, though, as they were afterwards imitated by both Assyrian and Cyprian engravers, too much stress must not be laid on the agreement.† The artistic position and age of the other ring, however, admits of little doubt. The archaic period of Babylonian art may be said to close with the rise of Assyria in the fourteenth century B.C.; and though archaic Babylonian intaglios continued to be imported into the West down to the time of the Romans, it is not likely that they were imitated by Western artists after the latter had become acquainted with better and more attractive models. I think, therefore, that the two rings may be assigned to the period of archaic Babylonian power in western Asia, a period that begins with the victories of Naram-Sin in Palestine in the seventeenth century B.C. or earlier, and ends with the conquest of Babylon by the Assyrians and the establishment of Assyrian supremacy. This is also the period to which I am inclined to refer the introduction among the Phœnicians and Greeks of the column and of certain geometrical patterns, which had their first home in Babylonia.‡ The lentoid gems with their

rude intaglios, found in the islands, on the site of Heræum, in the tombs of Mykenæ and elsewhere, belong to the same age, and point back to the loamy plain of Babylonia where stone was rare and precious, and whence, consequently, the art of gem-cutting was spread through the ancient world. We can thus understand the existence of artistic designs and other evidences of civilizing influence among a people who were not yet acquainted with the use of iron. The early Chaldean empire, in spite of the culture to which it had attained, was still in the bronze age; iron was almost unknown, and its tools and weapons were fashioned of stone, bone, and bronze. Had the Greeks and the Phœnicians before them received their first lessons in culture from Egypt or from Asia Minor, where the Khalybes and other allied tribes had worked in iron from time immemorial, they would probably have received this metal at the same time. But neither at Hissarlik nor at Mykenæ is there any trace of an iron age.

The second period of Western art and civilization is represented by some of the objects found at Mykenæ in the tombs themselves. The intaglios have ceased to be Babylonian, and have become markedly Assyrian. First of all we have a hunting-scene, a favorite subject with Assyrian artists, but quite unknown to genuine Hellenic art. The disposition of the figures is that usual in Assyrian sculpture, and, like the Assyrian king, the huntsman is represented as riding in a chariot. A comparison of this hunting-scene with the bas-reliefs on the tombstones which stood over the graves shows that they belong to the same age, while the spiral ornamentation of the stones is essentially Assyrian. Equally Assyrian, though better engraved, is a lion on one of the gold prisms, which might have been cut by an Assyrian workman, so true is it to its Oriental model, and after this I would place the representation of a struggle between a man (perhaps Herakles) and a lion, in which, though the lion and attitude of the combatants are Assyrian, the man is no longer the Assyrian hero Gisdhubar, but a figure of more Western type. In another intaglio, representing a fight between armed warriors, the art has ceased to be Assyrian, and is struggling to become native. We seem to be approaching the period when Greece gave over walking in Eastern leading-strings, and began to step forward firmly without help. As I believe, however, that the tombs within the *enceinte* are of older date than the treasures outside

* See, for instance, the example given in Rawlinson's *Ancient Monarchies* (1st edit.), i., p. 118, where the flounced priest has what looks like a woman's breast. Dancing boys and men in the East still wear these flounces, which are variously colored (see Loftus: *Chaldea and Susiana*, p. 22; George Smith: *Assyrian Discoveries*, p. 130).

† See, for example, Layard: *Nineveh and Babylon*, pp. 604, 606; Di Cesnola: *Cyprus*, pl. 31, No. 7; pl. 32, No. 19. A copy of the Mykenæan engravings is given in Schliemann's *Mycenæ and Tiryns*, pl. 531.

‡ More especially the examples in Rawlinson's *Ancient Monarchies*, iii., p. 403, and i. 413. For Mykenæan examples see Schliemann's *Mykenæ and Tiryns*, pp. 149, 152, etc. Some of the more peculiar patterns from Mykenæ resemble the forms assumed by the "Hamathite" hieroglyphics in the unpublished inscription copied by Mr. George Smith from the back of a mutilated statue at Jerablûs (Carchemish).

the Acropolis, or the Gate of Lions which belongs to the same age, it is plain that we have not yet reached the time when Assyro-Phœnician influence began to decline in Greece. The lions above the gate would alone be proof to the contrary.

But, in fact, Phœnician influence continued to be felt up to the end of the seventh century B.C. Passing by the so-called Corinthian vases, or the antiquities exhumed by General di Cesnola in Cyprus, where the Phœnician element was strong, we have numerous evidences of the fact from all parts of Greece. Two objects of bronze discovered at Olympia may be specially signalized. One of these is an oblong plate, narrower at one end than at the other, ornamented with *repoussé* work, and divided into four compartments. In the first compartment are figures of the non-descript birds so often seen on the "Corinthian" pottery; in the next come two Assyrian gryphons standing, as usual, face to face; while the third represents the contest of Herakles with the kentaure, thoroughly Oriental in design. The kentaure has a human forefront, covered, however, with hair; his tail is abnormally long, and a three-branched tree rises behind him. The fourth and largest compartment contains the figure of the Asiatic goddess with the four wings at the back, and a lion, held by the hind leg, in either hand. The face of the goddess is in profile. The whole design is Assyro-Phœnician, and is exactly reproduced on some square gold plates, intended probably to adorn the breast, presented to the Louvre by the Duc de Luynes. The other object to which I referred is a bronze dish, ornamented on the inside with *repoussé* work which at first sight looks Egyptian, but is really that Phœnician modification of Egyptian art so common in the eighth and seventh centuries B.C. An inscription in the Aramaic characters of the so-called Sidonian branch of the Phœnician alphabet is cut on the outside, and reads: "Belonging to Neger, son of Miga."* As the word used for "son" is the Aramaic *bar* and not the Phœnician *ben*, we may conclude that the owner of the dish had come from northern Syria. It is interesting to find a silver cup embossed with precisely the same kind of design, and also bearing an inscription in Phœnician letters, among the treasures discovered in a tomb at Palestrina, the ancient Præneste, more than a year ago. This inscription is even briefer than the other: "Eshmun-ya'ar

son of 'Ashtâ,"* where, though *ben* is employed, the father's name has an Aramaic form. Helbig would refer these Italian specimens of Phœnician skill to the Carthaginian epoch, partly on the ground that an African species of ape seems sometimes represented on them;† in this case they might be as late as the fifth century before the Christian era.

During the earlier part of the second period of Phœnician influence, Phœnicia and the Phœnician colonies were not the only channel by which the elements of Assyrian culture found their way into the West. The monuments and religious beliefs of Asia Minor enable us to trace their progress from the banks of the Euphrates and the ranges of the Taurus, through Cappadocia and Phrygia, to the coasts and islands of the Ægean. The near affinity of Greek and Phrygian is recognized even by Plato;‡ the legends of Midas and Gordius formed part of Greek mythology, and the royal house of Mykenæ was made to come with all its wealth from the golden sands of the Paktolus; while on the other hand the cult of Mâ, of Attys, or of the Ephesian Artemis points back to an Assyrian origin. The sculptures found by Perrot§ and Texier constitute a link between the prehistoric art of Greece and that of Asia Minor; the spiral ornaments that mark the antiquities of Mykenæ are repeated on the royal tombs of Asia Minor; and the ruins of Sardis, where once ruled a dynasty derived by Greek writers from Ninus or Nineveh, "the son of Bel," the grandson of the Assyrian Herakles,|| may yet pour a flood of light on the earlier history of Greece. But it was rather in the first period, which I have termed Phrygian, than in the second, that the influence of Asia Minor was strongest. The figure of the goddess riding on a leopard, with mural crown and peaked shoes, on the rock-tablets of Pterium,¶ is borrowed rather from the cylinders of early Babylonia than from the sculptures of Assyria; and the Hissarlik collection connects itself more with the primitive antiquities of Santorin than with the later art of Mykenæ and Cyprus. We have already seen, however, the close relationship that exists between some of the objects excavated at Mykenæ and what we may call the pre-

* ASHMNYA'R. BNA' SHTA.

† *Annali d. Istituto Romano*, 1876.

‡ Kratylus, 410 A.

§ *Exploration Archéologique de la Galatie et de la Bithynie*.

|| See Herodotus, i. 7.

¶ Texier: *Description de l'Asie Mineure*, i. 1, pl. 78.

Phœnician art of Ialysos, — that is to say, the objects in which the influence of the East is indirect, and not direct. The discovery of metallurgy is associated with Dodona, where the oracle long continued to be heard in the ring of a copper chaldron, and where M. Karapanos has found bronze plates with the geometrical and circular patterns which distinguish the earliest art of Greece; now Dodona is the seat of primeval Greek civilization, the land of the Selloi or Helloi, of the Graioi themselves, and of Pelasgian Zeus, while it is to the north that the legends of Orpheus, of Musæus, and of other early civilizers looked back. But even at Dodona we may detect traces of Asiatic influence in the part played there by the doves, as well as in the story of Deucalion's deluge, and it may, perhaps, be not too rash to conjecture that even before the days of Phœnician enterprise and barter, an echo of Babylonian civilization had reached Greece through the medium of Asia Minor, whence it was carried, partly across the bridge formed by the islands of the Archipelago, partly through the mainland of Thrace and Epirus. The Hittites, with their capital at Carchemish, seem to have been the centre from which this borrowed civilization was spread northward and westward. Here was the home of the art which characterizes Asia Minor, and we have only to compare the bas-relief of Pterium with the rock sculptures found by Mr. Davis associated with "Hamathite" hieroglyphics at Ibreer, in Lycaonia,* to see how intimate is the connection between the two. These hieroglyphics were the still undeciphered writing of the Hittite tribes, and if, as seems possible, the Cypriote syllabary were derived from them, they would be a testimony to the western spread of Hittite influence at a very early epoch. The Cypriote characters adopted into the alphabets of Lycia and Karia, as well as the occurrence of the same characters on a hone and some of the terra-cotta discs found by Dr. Schliemann at Hisarlik, go to show that this influence would have extended, at any rate, to the coasts of the sea.

The traces of Egyptian influence, on the contrary, are few and faint. No doubt the Phœnician alphabet was ultimately of Egyptian origin, no doubt, too, that certain elements of Phœnician art were borrowed from Egypt, but before these were handed on to the West, they had first been pro-

foundly modified by the Phœnician settlers in the Delta and in Canaan. The influence exercised immediately by Egypt upon Greece belongs to the historic period; the legends which saw an Egyptian emigrant in Kekrops or an Egyptian colony in the inhabitants of Argos were fables of a late date. Whatever intercourse existed between Egypt and Greece in the prehistoric period was carried on, not by the Egyptians, but by the Phœnicians of the Delta; it was they who brought the scarabs of a Thothmes or an Amenophis to the islands of the Ægean, like their descendants afterwards in Italy, and the proper names found on the Egyptian monuments of the eighteenth and nineteenth dynasties, which certain Egyptologists have identified with those of Greece and Asia Minor, belong rather, I believe, to Libyan and Semitic tribes.* Like the sphinxes at Spata, the indications of intercourse with Egypt met with at Mykenæ prove nothing more than the wide extent of Phœnician commerce and the existence of Phœnician colonies at the mouths of the Nile. Ostrich-eggs covered with stucco dolphins have been found not only at Mykenæ, but also in the grotto of Polledrara near Vulci in Italy; the Egyptian porcelain excavated at Mykenæ is painted to represent the fringed dress of an Assyrian or a Phœnician, not of an Egyptian; and though a gold mask belonging to Prince Kha-em-Uas, and resembling the famous masks of Mykenæ, has been brought to the Louvre from an Apis chamber, a similar mask of small size was discovered last year in a tomb on the site of Aradus. Such intercourse, however, as existed between Greece and the Delta must have been very restricted; otherwise we should surely have some specimens of writing, some traces of the Phœnician alphabet. It would not have been left to the Aramæans of Syria to introduce the "Kadmeian letters" into Greece, and Mykenæ, rather than Thebes, would have been made the centre from which they were disseminated. Indeed, we may perhaps infer that even the coast of Asia Minor, near as it was to the Phœnician settlements at Kamirus and elsewhere, could have held but little intercourse with the Phœnicians of Egypt from the fact that the Cypriote syllabary was so long in use upon it, and that the alphabets afterwards employed were derived only in-

* Transactions of the Society of Biblical Archæology, iv. 2, 1876.

* I have given the reasons of my scepticism in the *Academy*, of May 30, 1874. Brugsch Bey, the leading authority on the geography of the Egyptian monuments, would now identify these names with those of tribes in Kolhis, and its neighborhood.

directly from the Phœnician through the medium of the Greek.

One point more now alone needs to be noticed. The long-continued influence upon early Greek culture which we ascribe to the Phœnicians cannot but have left its mark upon the Greek vocabulary also. Some at least of the names given by the Phœnicians to the objects of luxury they brought with them must have been adopted by the natives of Hellas. We know that this is the case with the letters of the alphabet; is it also the case with other words? If not, analogy would almost compel us to treat the evidences that have been enumerated of Phœnician influence as illusory, and to fall back upon the position of K. O. Müller and his school. By way of answer I would refer to the list of Greek words, the Semitic origin of which admits of no doubt, lately given by Dr. August Müller in Bezzenberger's "*Beiträge zur Kunde der indogermanischen Sprachen*."* Amongst these we find articles of luxury like "linen" (*byssus*), "shirt" (*χιτών*), "sackcloth" (*σακκος*), "myrrh" and "frankincense," "galbanum" and "cassia," "cinnamon" and "soap" (*νίτρον*), "lyres" (*λύβλας*) and "wine-jars" (*κάδος*), "balsam" and "cosmetics" (*φύκος*), as well, possibly, as "fine linen" (*ὀθόνη*) and "gold," along with such evidences of trade and literature as the "pledge" or *ἀρραβών*, the *mina*, "the writing-tablet" (*δέλτος*), and the "shekel." If these were the only instances of Semitic tincture, they would be enough to prove the early presence of the Semitic Phœnicians in Greece. But we must remember that they are but samples of a class, and that many words borrowed during the heroic age may have dropped out of use or been conformed to the native part of the vocabulary long before the beginning of written literature, while it would be in the lesser known dialects of the islands that the Semitic element was strongest. We know that the dialect of Cyprus was full of importations from the East.

In what precedes I have made no reference to the Homeric poems, and the omission may be thought strange. But Homeric illustrations of the presence of the Phœnicians in Greece will occur to every one, while both the Iliad and the Odyssey in their existing form are too modern to be quoted without extreme caution. A close investigation of their language shows that it is the slow growth of generations; Æolic formulæ from the lays first recited

in the towns of the Troad are embodied in Ionic poems where old Ionic, new Ionic, and even Attic jostle against one another, and traditional words and phrases are furnished with mistaken meanings or new forms coined by false analogy. It is difficult to separate the old from the new, to say with certainty that this allusion belongs to the heroic past, this to the Homer of Theopompus and Euphorion, the contemporary of the Lydian Gyges. The art of Homer is not the art of Mykenæ and of the early age of Phœnician influence; iron is already taking the place of bronze, and the shield of Akhilles or the palace of Alkinous bear witness to a developed art which has freed itself from its foreign bonds. Six times are Phœnicia and the Phœnicians mentioned in the Odyssey, once in the Iliad;* elsewhere it is Sidon and the Sidonians that represent them, never Tyre.† Such passages, therefore, cannot belong to the epoch of Tyrian supremacy, which goes back, at all events, to the age of David, but rather to the brief period when the Assyrian king Shalmaneser laid siege to Tyre, and his successor Sargon made Sidon powerful at its expense. This, too, was the period when Sargon set up his record in Cyprus, "the isle of Yavnan" or the Ionians, when Assyria first came into immediate contact with the Greeks, and when Phœnician artists worked at the court of Nineveh and carried their wares to Italy and Sardinia. But it was not the age to which the relics of Mykenæ, in spite of paradoxical doubts, reach back, nor that in which the sacred bull of Astarte carried the Phœnician maiden Europa to her new home in the west.

A. H. SAYCE.

* *Phœnicia*, Od. iv. 83; xiv. 291. *Phœnicians*, Od. xiii. 272; xv. 415. *A Phœnician*, Od. xiv. 288. *A Phœnician woman*, Od. xiv. 289; II. xiv. 321.
† *Sidon*, *Sidonia*, II. vi. 291; Od. xiii. 285; xv. 425. *Sidonians*, II. vi. 290; Od. iv. 84, 618; xv. 118.

From The Spectator.

A WORLDLET WITHIN THE WORLD.

WE wonder that Admiral de Horsey's report on the condition of Pitcairn Island has not attracted more public attention. The story of the island is curious enough, and its present condition more curious even than its story. As our readers probably know, it is an island of about seven miles in circumference, and about a square mile and a quarter in extent, not much more than half the size of Sark. It is only two

* i., pp. 273-301 (1877).

miles and a quarter long, and not half that in average breadth, so that a minuter spot, which is habitable at all, scarcely exists on the globe, and none certainly which is so far removed from its nearest inhabited neighbors. Otaheite is several hundred miles away, and but that it is the only place where ships sailing from the South American coast to Otaheite can get fresh water, a ship would hardly touch there from any motive of self-interest once in a hundred years. It was first occupied by nine of the mutineers of the "Bounty," who, in 1790, fled from Otaheite, in the not groundless fear of being there apprehended and punished by the British government for their mutiny, taking with them six Otaheitan men and twelve Otaheitan women. Thus the original settlement was one the chief characteristic of which was the violent and lawless character of the chief leaders. But before 1800, eight out of the nine mutineers, all the Otaheitan men, and several of the women had been killed out by violence or disease, and the island was populated only by the children of the original settlers, with a few of the Otaheitan women, and a single English sailor, originally called Alexander Smith, who had taken the name of John Adams, and who ruled over the little settlement. Solitude had produced a very deep effect on his character, and he had established a simple code of laws for the rising generation, which had been so well obeyed that the reports of the settlement, as early as 1814, were like reports of the Happy Valley. In 1831 their numbers had increased to eighty-seven — a population nearly as large as the island can support — and hence they were transported, at their own request, from Pitcairn Island to Otaheite. But disgusted by the dissolute habits of the people of that island, most of them returned to Pitcairn Island within the year. In 1856 they again found themselves too numerous for their dwelling-place, and at their own request were taken to Norfolk Island. But in 1859 two families, numbering seventeen in all, returned to their old home, and in 1864 another instalment returned also. On Admiral de Horsey's visit in the "Shah," in September last, he found sixteen men, nineteen women, twenty-five boys, and thirty girls, — say, a number equivalent to some sixteen families in all. Only twelve deaths had occurred in nineteen years, no contagious diseases had visited the island, either as regarded men or cattle. The governor (elected by universal suffrage of both sexes over seventeen, and open to re-election) is James Rus-

sell M'Koy, the steersman of the whale-boat, the only boat they have, and built by himself; but as, in building it, he had to use iron bolts in the absence of copper, the boat will soon go to pieces. This chief magistrate himself drew up the existing code of laws, using for that purpose John Adams's code, and the amendments on it, with such changes as seemed good to him. But Admiral de Horsey states that they are laws of "puerile simplicity," contemplating as possible only three crimes, theft, profane swearing, and illicit intercourse between the sexes, offences of which no case has ever been known to occur since the laws were drawn up. Captain Beechey, writing in 1825, said of the Pitcairn Islanders before either of their removals, "These excellent persons appear to live together in perfect harmony and contentment, to be virtuous, religious, cheerful, and hospitable, to be patterns of conjugal and parental affection, and to have very few vices." Admiral de Horsey says: "I have ventured to quote these words, as they hold true to this day, the children having followed in the footsteps of their parents." Indeed, unless the brevity of Admiral de Horsey's report to some extent conceals his meaning, he would seem to think not that these islanders have "very few vices," but that they have none at all. Of their religious attributes, he says, "no one can speak without deep respect. A people whose greatest privilege and pleasure is to commune in prayer with their God, and to join in hymns of praise, and who are, moreover, cheerful, diligent, and probably freer from vice than any other community, need no priest amongst them." Nevertheless they have a pastor, Mr. Simon Young, — apparently one of themselves, and of course not in orders, — who always uses the liturgy of the Church of England, and is helped very efficiently by his daughter, Miss Rosalind Amelia Young. These two teach the children reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, and Scripture history. The girls learn sewing and hat-making, and all the children are taught part-singing, and practise it very effectively. Schooling is conducted in the church-house, at one end of which is a free library. The island has no springs, but rain usually falls once a month, so that it is only occasionally that the people suffer from drought. Once a month also, or thereabouts, they have a chance of communicating with a passing ship. The only language spoken is English. Drunkenness is unknown, and alcohol is used only in cases of disease. Twice recently they

have assisted the crews of wrecked English vessels most liberally, one islander's life having been lost in the dangerous exploit; and so far from taking advantage of these wrecks for their own purposes, they seem to have received no equivalent or compensation in either case for the aid rendered.

In short, if the account of Admiral de Horsey is to be trusted, here is a little population of simple, contented, friendly, gentle, religious people, poor and happy, strict in their Sunday services, but eager to do any good work on the Sunday, without thinking it Sabbath-breaking; not loving the world, or the things of the world, but returning by preference to their seclusion, whenever the narrowness of their limits has driven them forth to try their lot in a more miscellaneous community. Indeed, the adults of Pitcairn Island must be regarded as a twice-sifted population. Once the greater number of them returned from Otaheite, repelled by the dissoluteness of that island. And again, apparently about half of their whole number returned from Norfolk Island, for a similar reason. Hence, of the elders at least, those preferring the excitements and temptations of a larger world to the peaceful and homely life of this little nook, have twice been skimmed off the society, and only those whose preference for the moral seclusion of the place is very distinct, have been left behind. It is pretty certain that this process of selection must go on afresh, as every fresh generation grows up. The island will not apparently sustain a population of more than a hundred; so that as the numbers grow, those who prefer a more exciting world will inevitably leave, and only the greatest lovers of moral tranquillity will remain behind. Thus a process of moral selection may by degrees furnish us with a population of unusually refined moral simplicity, — where the preponderance of unruly propensities is almost unknown; where the love of excitement has well-nigh vanished; where there is no love of money, because money has no uses (Admiral de Horsey says that there is no coin on the island, except by way of a curiosity); and where there is nothing forbidding or austere, even in the religious character of the people; where, too, the affections never swell into passions, and sentiment is too much restricted in its sphere to admit of its rising into sentimentality and falsehood.

It is curious to speculate to what type of character a community thus carefully weeded from generation to generation of all its

more restless and unstable elements, might eventually give rise. Would it be to a community of saints from whom we might hope to derive the leaven with which our impurer societies might be leavened, or would it be to a community of gentle and innocent children, who would be too much awestruck and repelled by the ordinary forms of human wickedness to render us any efficient moral aid whatever? Of course it is to be assumed that the harmony of these islanders' natures would be strengthened by the continual exclusion of all restless and feverish elements, and that the type of character which would result would not be a weak one, but in its way a very *stable* one, — one in which the moral taste at least would be very clear and strong, — in which indeed there would be no fiery battle against temptation, but rather a fixed and serene preference for the life in which temptation is kept at a distance, and a calm, just, disinterested, and gentle habit of character encouraged. It must be conceded, then, that the repeated elimination of all passionate, disturbing, and exciting elements in such a community, and the accumulation of pure and kindly and light-hearted tastes amongst the islanders, would, in all probability, produce in the end a marked and a very unique moral type, not manifesting the kind of weakness we generally associate with mere innocence, but the kind of strength which we associate with the highest stability. At the same time, it is, we think, clear that such a type of character would hardly be one likely to render effective help in an old community, full of the old self-willed and vicious elements. The deep distaste for evil is, in one sense, not enough, — and is, in another sense, too much, — for effective struggle against evil. It is not enough, for it keeps those who feel it out of the atmosphere where they might best be useful. It is too much, for it robs them of active sympathy with the victims of violent desires and of ruinous passions. Then, again, there is a certain fearfulness and feeling of inadequacy to the struggles of life, bred by this constantly protected state of moral feeling. The most pathetic touch in Admiral de Horsey's report is his statement that "a notion appears to prevail among the Pitcairn islanders that her Majesty's government are displeased with them for having returned from Norfolk Island . . . although their return was, I believe, at their own expense, and they have since been no burden to the crown." The admiral did what he could to remove this feeling, but a

gentle fear of this kind is obviously characteristic of a small society, purged of all self-willed desires and agitating passions, and liable, therefore, to scrupulous fancies of their own of a kind which would hardly have a meaning at all for men who knew what active life really was. The fear reminds one almost of the fears which very good and gentle Calvinists, who have been bred up to think their own nature in need of absolute and complete renewal, entertain, though in their case it is fear not of the governments of this world, but of the government of the invisible and eternal kingdom. They are always afraid that some yielding to their own inmost bias, will be reckoned to them as an offence, by a power which requires that they should generally renounce that bias. That the Pitcairn islanders should ascribe such a feeling to the British government, to whom they seem very loyal, is, we suspect, an indication of that too great tendency to believe itself in the wrong, which is apt to mark a type of character of this too negative, too tame, too little original kind. After all, originality, even moral originality, needs a certain self-confidence to support it. If you make the regulative rule which restrains self-will too large a proportion of life, and ingrain it too much into the very essence of the moral tastes, the result is likely to be this deep fearfulness lest almost any preference which cannot be demonstrated to be right, should be wrong, simply because it is preference. Ethics are everything in a society of strong emotions and strong bents, but you may dwell on the law, till the imperious impulses which need the law are thinned away almost to nothing. We should be inclined to suspect, from Admiral de Horsey's brief and interesting account of this little remote world within a world, that the moral selection which tends to make these islanders so good, kindly, and lovable, had almost grown up to the point of impairing the vitality which needs the restraint of law, and had certainly grown beyond the point where the rein and the curb add to, even while they guide, the force of the nature for which the rein and the curb were devised.

From The Saturday Review.
POOR CREATURES.

THERE are probably few people who are so ignorant as to imagine that the greater proportion of patients who spend their

mornings in the waiting-rooms of London physicians are the victims of disease. By far the larger number of them are perfectly innocent of any organic ailment, and could urge no stronger claim upon medical attention than general debility. Their great mission in life seems to be to pay guineas to celebrated physicians, and to spend their time in reading *Punch* and the advertisement sheets of newspapers in the ante-rooms of doctors' and dentists' houses. When, after an hour or two's waiting, they are ushered into the sanctum of the oracle, they receive a soothing lecture upon the desirableness of avoiding over-exertion and keeping the mind amused; they are advised to take moderate exercise, much fresh air, and plenty of wholesome food; an agreeable tour is suggested; and, altogether, the patients are recommended to make their lives as pleasant as possible without overtaxing their energies. "Let your life be enjoyable, let your life be long," is the pith of the charming doctor's advice. Can it be a matter of wonder that he is at the top of his profession? Combined with his excellent suggestions is a consoling assurance that there are no symptoms at present of any organic disease, and that none are to be anticipated unless the patient is imprudent, in which case the doctor will not answer for the consequences. All this is of course very true; indeed so true as to sound ludicrous to any but a professional patient (for there are professional patients as well as professional doctors); but such a person, as he pays his couple of guineas, reflects with satisfaction that he is sound, but interesting, while the doctor simply regards him as a poor creature. If it were not for such as these, doctors would be poor men, and the medical profession is naturally civil to them; but philosophical physicians of advanced ideas will probably reflect, while they pocket their guineas, that, on the principle of natural selection, it would be "for the greatest happiness of the greatest number" that all poor creatures should be destroyed, however much such an arrangement might reduce medical incomes. With languid circulations, weak digestions, and decrepid nervous systems, they are useless in themselves and undesirable as progenitors. Among the lower orders they are known as "weaklings," and, although they may not often be destroyed, we fear that they are sometimes "let to die." Such natures, requiring much nourishment and an easy life, are apt to droop and die among poor surroundings. If they attain to manhood, they too often become crim-

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inals. Naturally disinclined to work, they are prone to steal in order to support life; and, not being sufficiently educated to be able to occupy themselves by reading when unemployed, their minds prey upon themselves — the most pernicious of all mental food.

Among the rich poor creatures are more common. Being nourished with the greatest care, but a small proportion of them obey nature (according to its scientific interpretation) by dying off; and as they are not obliged to work, their weakness is the less conspicuous. As simple spenders of money, they are about as useful as their more robust neighbors, and, as hoarders, they are equally valuable. Still the wealthy poor creature is anything but a featureless character. Having much time upon his hands, during which he is too delicate to take active exercise, he often amuses himself with books and newspapers, and thus easily acquires the reputation of being well read. People are apt to forget that there is a wide distinction between being much read and well read, and it is scarcely necessary to say to which of these descriptions of readers most poor creatures belong. Their studies are usually of a very desultory character, and in many cases their mental and their bodily food are equally ill digested. Some of them live in a world of magazines, and get into a habit of fancying themselves on a mental par with the smart writers whose articles they are in the habit of reading. They deliver their second-hand ideas as original to a world which has not had leisure to read up all the monthlies and quarterlies, and they are voted clever by women, and prigs by men. Perhaps they dabble in science, and, picking up a few technical terms, try to dazzle men who are wiser than themselves. Their doctors order them abroad, and when they have loitered in a few foreign picture-galleries, they consider themselves connoisseurs of old masters. If they accidentally open a book of poems on a long wet day, they at once begin to abuse an age in which poetry is neglected, as if they had always given much of their time to its study. They fall in and out of love with wonderful ease, and lecture the temporary objects of their affection as if they were their tutors. Their love-affairs are of a sickly nature. When they marry, if they act as tutors towards their wives, the latter act as nurses towards their husbands, and, between them, their lives combine the disagreeable features of both the schoolroom and the nursery. Unless the wife also is a poor creature, she soon takes the upper

hand, laughing at her husband's theories, and reducing him to the level of a tame domestic animal. By alternately telling him that he is the cleverest of men and a fool, she coaxes and scolds him into decent behavior, as a nurse does a baby, and in time he yields passively to the process. Although weak and easily led, poor creatures occasionally take an obstinate fit; and, when in this humor, they lead their wives a terrible life. Their minds are too weak to look at any question from more than one point of view, and when puzzled they are peevish and irrational. They delight in a grievance, and like to consider themselves ill-used men. Unless singularly dense, they discover before they are forty that, somehow or other, their lives are not a success, and they of course attribute their failures to any cause but the right one. This makes grievances, real or fancied, specially welcome to them, as they serve as scapegoats for the want of success which in reality is the result of their own uselessness and unpopularity. They imagine themselves to be political or religious martyrs, and fancy they have lived before their time. Their minds are much occupied with doctoring, and they are always wondering what is or is not good for their souls and bodies. To this end they skim over theological and medical books, acquiring just sufficient knowledge from either to be injurious. They ever keep before their minds the fact that they have got digestions, and fancy that they are suffering from every disease that they read about. As regards their souls, although they pay much attention to them, they are rather spiritual hypochondriacs than religious people. To their own political and religious parties they are an absolute nuisance, as they bring every cause which they espouse into contempt and derision. The poor creature of the male sex almost always shows a desire to do one or other of three things — namely, to become a clergyman, to become an artist, or to write a book. The gratification of these instincts by weak brethren is the cause of much suffering to the human race. Few people can have escaped "sitting under" at least one poor creature, or having their eyes offended by the artistic efforts of a representative of the same order, and books written by poor creatures are much too painful a subject for a reviewer to jest upon.

The debility from which poor creatures suffer not unfrequently attacks particular organs. Deafness is common among them, and imperfect vision is one of their

leading characteristics. Although their mental balance may be maintained, as far as absolute sanity is concerned, their brains are often influenced by their general feebleness. Either their memories are weak, or their powers of comparison are not to be depended upon; their firmness is at zero, or they are utterly incapable in arithmetic. On the other hand, one particular faculty is often feverish and excitable, while it is at the same time excessively feeble. Thus the sense of music may be restless in the extreme, the poor creature constantly sitting down at the piano and spelling out parts of tunes from ear, to the intense annoyance of his friends; and yet he may be unable to read a note of music and show no desire to study harmony. What people of this feeble disposition dislike above all things is routine; and their dislike of routine they mistake for originality. They are much given to violent friendships, for, being too weak to stand alone, they seize upon others for support with the desperation of drowning men. They occasionally do flickering acts of generosity; but they have not the energy necessary for true and trustworthy kindness. They are nervous, fidgety, and fretful, and are rendered miserable by comparative trifles. Such things as wheel-marks on the gravel in front of their hall doors, or the appearance of a white thread upon a carpet, make them absolutely unhappy. Their imagination is vivid as to smells of gas, paraffin, and tobacco, and they preach a crusade against muddy boots. One of their most highly developed faculties is a sensitiveness to slights and imagined insults. If they do not receive numberless invitations, they fret; yet, if they go into society, they are bored and fatigued, and long for the quiet of home. In religion and politics they are hero-worshippers, and they entrust their interests in this world and the next to their doctors, their lawyers, and their clergymen. When young they fall in love with women much older than themselves, from whom they seek motherly caresses. Their idea of romance is to adore a goddess for whom they fetch and carry and execute little commissions at shops. In their vices they are sottish and unattractive, and they surrender themselves helplessly to any habit to which they become in the least addicted. They are especially odious when tipsy. But it is difficult to gauge either their virtues or their vices, as they yield themselves unreservedly to whatever impulse takes most hold upon them for the time being.

We have not drawn the poor creature in very attractive colors, but we are far from maintaining that he is invariably disagreeable. When endowed with a fair amount of common sense, he often, as a looker-on, sees much of the game of life, and has opportunities of forming a calmer judgment upon its events than more energetic people. When too weak to be a good conversationalist, he sometimes makes an excellent listener, and he helps to form the audience for that drama of life in which many would wish to be actors and but few spectators. A discontented poor creature is a contemptible wretch; but one who recognizes his position, and endeavors to make the best of life under difficulties, is deserving of great respect, and is often an excellent fellow. Poor creatures may not always be either attractive or interesting; but their critics should remember that many of them suffer from a constant sense of fatigue, which is almost more wearying than actual pain.

From The Spectator.

THE DEATH OF THE PRINCESS ALICE.

WE do wish the English people, and more especially their premier, would learn that grief, even deep grief, is compatible with ordinary self-respect; that it is not for them, when they mourn, to cut their faces like the priests of Baal, or cast ashes on their heads like Hebrew widows, but to weep secretly and in silence, as men obeying an emotion they would fain repress. We heartily sympathize with the universal sorrow felt at the death of the grand duchess of Hesse-Darmstadt, and rejoice that its expression was so completely national. It was right and natural, though the words read grandiose, that on the same day flags should be lowered half-mast in harbors all round the world, in Port Jackson, and Halifax, and Rio, as in Hamburg, because a daughter of England was dead. That was done as by instinct, and the marvel of the doing is but a result of the new victories over time and space. The queen is not only the symbol of our unity, but a sovereign in whose sorrows an entire nation, wherever scattered, may justifiably and honorably be sad. We shall none of us, not even the youngest, ever live under such a reign again, and for much of its order, its prosperity, and its splendor we are indebted to the virtues of the occupant of the crown. No acknowledgment of that fact by demonstrations of joy in the

queen's gladness, or of hope for her progeny, or of sympathy in her household suffering, can be unbecoming in the British people, which has been so favored under her reign, and which, in accepting the sovereign as the near relative of all, rises from time to time out of its otherwise somewhat narrow and selfish individualism. Sympathy for the queen was most natural and right, as was deep regret for the lady called away so prematurely, and in circumstances of such pathetic pain. The princess Alice was the one of all the royal house who, as daughter, as sister, as mother, and as head of a court, had most attraction for English sympathies, and had done most to justify them. Her devotion to her father on his death-bed had been watched by all England. She watched devotedly by the bedside of the Prince of Wales. Her devotion to her children cost her her life. Her devotion to Liberal principles brought on her at one time a storm of clerical obloquy, both in Germany and England, and created an impression that a princess who really, we are told, held her father's and mother's creed, an undogmatic, but deeply pious, form of Christianity, was the head of the unbelievers for whom, in protecting Strauss, she insisted on toleration. Her whole history made her a worthy object of a nation's regret, and if the whole nation had expressed it in a fitting way, we should have felt proud of such a proof of its unity and tenderness of feeling. But grief, like joy, should have its decencies of expression, and many of the papers violated these decencies by an exaggeration which made all sensible readers feel as if the grief of the nation could not be sincere, because the sorrow of those who represented it was so obviously artificial. It is disgusting, not moving, to watch journals exuding sentimental unctuousness. There was so much of the palace in these effusions, that sympathy seemed absorbed in a reverence for rank as abject as that of the bulletin-makers, who telegraphed that the princess "deceased" at seven o'clock. So high a person could not "die." One thought of Maria Theresa rushing into her opera box, with "My boy Fritz has a son!" and wondered whether the sense of real rank, the reverence for place in the world, so great that the world feels a blank when it is vacated by a death, had not altogether disappeared. It is because death is universal, that all men sympathize when death strikes the national household, and every expression of grief lacking simplicity does but betray a failure of the sympathy as of a great family, which is alone a

consolation. The costermonger who, as one reporter declares, heard of the princess's death with the exclamation, "Well, *I am* sorry!" and stopped calling his wares for three streets, lest "his row" should disturb the solemnity which he felt instinctively ought to reign, displayed more genuine feeling than all the manufacturers of mourning "leaders" or mourning sermons.

The premier was, however, the worst. Lord Beaconsfield has a certain genius for ceremonial when the ceremonial ought to be artificial, but when feeling ought to be real, and only expressed with an accompanying ceremoniousness, he almost invariably breaks down. A master of stately words, he stole an *éloge* on the Duke of Wellington from M. Thiers; and though a master of form, he made his first announcement of his regret for the princess Alice sickeningly turgid. A deputation from California had been appointed to wait upon him with a testimonial to his personal honor, and of course could not be received; so the prime minister wrote: "Dear Sir, — A terrible calamity has fallen upon the country. An English princess — one of the most noble-minded and most gifted of women — endeared to the people of this country by her rich intelligence and her life of perfect domestic bliss and duty, has fallen a victim to the terrible disease which had already ravaged her hearth, and which she met by her devotion to her children." "A terrible calamity has fallen upon the country." What more could Lord Beaconsfield have said if the queen had died, or if the country had sustained a severe defeat in battle? The princess's death is a "terrible calamity" indeed to the queen, but to the country is only a melancholy occasion for regret that a charming and useful life has been prematurely cut short, and that a sovereign whom it loves has suffered a heavy addition to an unquenched sorrow. The "hearth" of the grand duchess had not been "ravaged" by disease, for of all her children one had fallen and four survived; and though death may be "met," in colloquial English, by disease, disease cannot, in any English, be "met" from children. Such language goes so far beyond the feeling it depicts, that it checks emotion, by rousing in its subjects a fear lest, in giving way, they also should be suspected of artificiality. On Monday, Sir Stafford Northcote and Lord Hartington were both of them at once sympathetic and dignified in their reference to the event; but Lord Beaconsfield had another day to wait, and the

additional time increased his natural tendency to artificiality. He had an incident to recount of almost unique pathos, an incident the baldest statement of which might draw tears from every mother in Great Britain, and make every man feel how feeble even poetry is to express the deepest tragedy: "My lords, there is something wonderfully piteous in the immediate cause of the princess's death. The physicians who permitted her to watch over her suffering family, enjoined her under no circumstances whatever to be tempted into an embrace. Her admirable self-restraint guarded her through the crisis of this terrible complaint in safety. She remembered and observed the injunctions of her physicians. But it became her lot to break to her son, quite a youth, the death of his youngest sister, to whom he was devotedly attached. The boy was so overcome with misery, that the agitated mother clasped him in her arms, and thus she received the kiss of death." Lord Beaconsfield's artificiality was proof even against that story. Will it be believed that his comment on it was in these words?—"My lords, I hardly know an incident more pathetic. It is one by which poets might be inspired, and in which the professors of the fine arts, from the highest to the lowest branches, whether in painting, sculpture, or gems, might find a fitting subject of commemoration." Could any genius not essentially vulgar have thought, first, how a kiss of death given by son to mother on such an occasion would look in a picture, in marble, or on a cameo? Did anybody, even an artist, when really moved, ever think of cutting the emotion, the spectacle of which had overcome him, in lines of microscopic beauty on a sard? Could any artist do it, if he had the genius of all sculptors combined? How much less could an overcomer bystander suggest to the engraver, as it were, in a whisper behind his hand, that here was a subject for his art! We do not say it in any cen-

sure of Lord Beaconsfield, except for his failure in artistic expression, for his nature has long since been known, and is unchangeable; but we regret that words so artificial, so clearly prepared and pumped-up, should be put before Englishmen as fitting expressions for those griefs which, though not, perhaps, deep, are sincere, and tender, and universal. The people should at least be simple when they are moved, but how is simplicity to survive when the most pathetic of incidents is considered to be best described through its relation to the most artificial of all pictorial arts? It is as if a preacher, recounting the story of the "still, small voice," suggested that it might have formed a subject for one of Raphael's cartoons.

We rather regret also, though we do not blame, the allusion made by the premier and Lord Granville, whose response, though a little stiff, was simple and unaffected, to the anniversary of the prince consort's death. It was not intended for the public, but to the public, and to all descendants of the prince consort, it will suggest a needless and a trying superstition,—that there is a day recurring at intervals of a decade which is critical or deadly for the house of Coburg. When December 14th is also a Saturday, something will happen to them. That is not a strengthening belief, even if held only as one of those beliefs which are not beliefs,—beliefs upon which no one acts; and as it is not true, the day having previously recurred for generations unmarked, the reference would have been better spared. That, however, is a trifle. What is not a trifle is, that the most representative expression of a sincere and a national sentiment of sorrow for the dead and pity for the living should have been marred by such unreal and factitious artificiality. It is as though a nation's *Dies Ira* had been chanted by a singer dressed as a skeleton to increase the effect.

PROF. PERSIFOR FRAZER reports, we learn from the *Polytechnic Review*, the interesting observation that early in last June he tried a telephone with a diaphragm mounted so as to vibrate freely except in the circular line, where it was bound fast. With several other telephones in circuit, but muffled so that they could not take up the direct vibrations of the

voice, he found that the over-tones produced in the diaphragm of one telephone, by a musical note sung into the mouthpiece, were reproduced in the others. This shows the extreme minuteness of the motion necessary to produce sound by fluctuations in the transmitting power of the line wire.